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ON SKATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

She stood on her skates by the margin.
While her hair rippled downward its gold,
And said, with a shake of her tresses:
"Now, Harry! To catch is to hold!"
I tried, all in vain, to recall her,
And said: "Hetty, that isn't nice!"
But her voice floated backward in laughter,
And she was away on the ice.

So, what could I do but to follow?
He never is lucky who waits.
As swift as the glance of a swallow
I glided along on my skates.
I neared her. My grasp she eluded!
I had her! Not yet; she was gone!
And, as I stood sadly deluded,
She merrily laughed me to scorn.

She dodged me; I followed close after!
My heart was most ready to break;
A ripple of musical laughter
Still followed along in her wake.
But just as I muttered: "By heaven!
I never can hope for her charms!"
She turned like a flash of the leven
And glided right into my arms.

Ah, well! I had caught her; and, blushing,
I fondled full closely my prize;
The blood through my being was rushing,
The stars they were dim to her eyes.
I never the race have regretted,
Full closely my darling I hold;
She has taught me—perhaps I've abetted—
That only to catch is to hold.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight. TENNYSON.

Two or three days later the morning papers inserted a large paragraph, and in one or two cases indulged in a leading article, on the mysterious and romantic appearance of the artist and musician whose works had for the last five years been the subject of universal admiration; and one paper, more daring than its contemporaries, launched out into a complete and florid sketch of the great genius' life, not a single particular, excepting those of his appearance at the ball and his being the Rector of Grassmere, of which was true.

Maurice Durant, when shown these articles and paragraphs, laughed heartily—he would have sneered a few months ago—but Maud was inexpressibly proud of them, though not at all surprised at the furor which her grand lover had made, for she had always held him to be something high and noble, and it was but the fulfillment of her expectations.

Invitations flowed in thick and fast upon Maurice Durant, but he refused them one apd all. Though he had entered the world again, it was with no love for it. He had left his quiet retreat to claim his prize, and was now anxious to return—not to the old life of solitude, but to Grassmere.

Accordingly in June the Chichesters, with the exception of Chudleigh, who remained in town, returned to the Hall with Maurice Durant as guest. The joy of that first day at the old Hall who shall describe?

Maud, leaning on her lover's arm, felt herself inclined to weep for relief as she heard his joyous voice and grand, ringing laugh, so different to the grim smile and deep, hard tones of old.

"Maurice," she said after dinner, blushing shyly as she spoke his name, "I have a surprise for you. Will you come with me?"

"Come with you? Anywhere, my darling. Whither are you going?"

"You mustn't ask," she said, stroking his hand. "Come!"

Maurice Durant caught up his soft sombrero and took her hand.

"See," he said, "as a child I want to be led."

She, entering into his spirit, laughed softly, and took his hand. So they passed on to the terrace and into the garden.

"A surprise in the open air, little one?" he said.

She nodded and smiled.

"No, not quite."

And then led him to a little Summer-house, built in the shape of an Indian temple. Its erection had been a whim of Sir Fielding, who had thought to use it for a study in the Summer; but it had never fulfilled its purpose—the bookworm feeling himself unable to leave his beloved library. Stopping at the little carved door, Maud took a key from her pocket and opened it.

"Walk in," she said.

And Maurice, at one stride clearing the white threshold, entered, and saw a beautiful little apartment, furnished with old-fashioned carved oak and lined with pictures and models. In one corner stood an easel, in the other a suit of mail. On the massive antique table were placed palettes, maulsticks and brushes, and in the centre a beautiful vase, containing fresh-cut flowers. The painter uttered a cry of delight and clasped the beautiful plotter in his arms.

"My thoughtful darling," he cried.

"Are you pleased?" she asked, smiling up into his face.

"Pleased! I am delighted. It is a studio worthy of a prince."

"And are you not a prince?" she said.

He laughed.

"You are mine," she said simply. "But, Maurice ——"

And she stopped.

"Speak on, *cara mia*," he said tenderly, stroking her beautiful hair. "Speak on ——"

"You will—will it disturb you if sometimes I come and peep in—come and sit sometimes, for a minute—only a minute ——"

"Come always, or be assured even this pretty place will be unable to hold me long. Come and sit there in the light while I work, getting inspiration and fire from your beautiful eyes. Ah! my darling, my darling! How sweet—how beautiful thou hast made life for me! See, I feel that I could paint heaven and the angels when I look within your pure eyes, hear your sweet, loving voice."

And he held her face in his hands, and gazed down into the clear depths of her dark orbs.

"And I—ah, you can tell what you feel, my prince, but I am stupid and ignorant, and can find no words to tell of the joy and happiness that thrill through me at the touch of your dear hands—see how I love to kiss them—the sound of your beautiful voice. O Maurice, Maurice, I lay awake at night and wonder if it is all a dream—if it can be possible and real that you, so great, so clever, so grandly above all other men, can stoop to think of—much less love—so insignificant a being as I."

His eyes grew dim and his voice too low for her to hear as he muttered:

"Can so sweet a flower bear the light and the winds, the sun and the rain? O Heaven, keep and temper thy mercy towards her."

Then aloud:

"My sweet Maud, 'tis well thou dost not know the story of the past! Thou wouldst think me no prince save the prince of sinners."

"More sinned against than sinning," she replied quickly.

"Thinkest thou so?" he said, musing. "Aye! aye!"

Then with his arm round her they strolled down to the river's bank, the birds' songs suddenly fraught with a new, sweet meaning, the stream ripple thrilling with a new sense.

"Where is the boat, my darling?" he said.

"On the other side, I think," she said. "Are you going to take me for a row?"

He nodded and glanced up and down for some means of reaching the other side.

"The bridge?" he asked.

"Is a mile down the stream," she replied.

"Then we must make one," he said lightly; and with a suddenness that made her start he sprang at the branch of a tree which hung over the stream, and, clutching it with a grasp of iron, went along it hand over hand until he could drop on the opposite bank. Maud started with astonished admiration. It was the feat of a giant, yet he seemed to do it as easily as walking across a room.

"Are you not hurt?" she asked breathlessly.

"Hurt, my darling?" he said, laughing. "No, why should I be? Stay thou there till I bring the boat," and he strode away.

In a few moments Maud saw him standing up in an old-fashioned boat, propelling it gondolier fashion, with a speed and grace that charmed her.

"Canst thou do everything?" she said as he leapt to her side, using his "thou," which sounded so sweetly in her ear.

He laughed, and, sweeping the dust from the seat with his handkerchief, picked her up in his arms like a child and put her on a little dainty seat of cushions.

"Now we will go swiftly," he said as the boat darted from the shore.

"And you will sing?"

"And I will sing," he said; and with that he commenced a soft, sweet melody set to an Italian love song that chimed in with every stroke of the single oar and every movement of his strong, graceful form.

So they went down the stream, thinking earth a Paradise which their love had turned to Heaven.

Day followed day like one sweet dream another. Maurice Durant had become the idol of the place, his exploits, his daring, his genius the talk of the county and the admiration and wonder of Grassmere. He rode as no one else could ride save an Arab or a Mexican hunter, so said the gentlemen. He painted with the brush of a Rubens or a Vandyke declared the art authorities. He shot like a fur-trapper or a rifle-ranger, said the sportsmen; and all agreed that his voice was the sweetest they had ever heard. His manner, too, had a certain charm about it that no one could resist; it was tinged with command, yet mellowed with a softness peculiarly his own. Equipped with such manly and graceful attributes, it was scarcely a matter of surprise that the strange being whose past life was still a profound mystery should be sought after and made an idol of. He refused few invitations, going with Maud almost everywhere, always ready to talk in his soft, musical accents of strange sights and incidents which his own eyes had witnessed, always yielding with a gracious smile to their request that he would play and sing, leaving the drawing-room for the smoking-room to find the men as eager to admire and applaud him as the women.

The Summer was a dream of happiness to Maud. At night she scarcely slept, for joy; the day seemed to fly past on the wings of love and happiness. Sir Fielding, relieved of his load of anxiety concerning the estate, was serenely happy in his library and the knowledge of his darling's gladness, and felt that his lines had fallen in pleasant places in the twilight of his departing days. So shines the sun and murmur the gentle breezes in the calm before a storm. In August Lord and Lady Crownbrilliants returned to the Retreat, and Chudleigh took up his quarters at the Hall. His appearance scarcely harmonized with the general aspect of happiness, for he was looking pale and worn, and, what was worse, restless and unhappy.

Maurice Durant, who drove Maud over to the Retreat in a tiny little carriage drawn by a pair of pure Arabian ponies—his own gift—noticed the same expression on the beautiful face of Lady Crownbrilliants, and grew grave and silent, for his keen eyes read their secret at a glance.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Tempted himself, turns tempter too.—PRIOR.

"What I s-say is this," stammered Lord Crownbrilliants, poising his wine-glass in mid-air, and looking over at her ladyship with a stolid, would-be severe stare in his glass-framed eye. "I s-say that it's not b-becoming of the Countess of Crownbrilliants to interfere with s-such things."

The Countess raised her eyebrows and shot a cold, imperial glance from her dark eyes at his fair, foppish face.

"D-do you hear me?" he snapped, angered by her silence.

"I heard you," she said simply.

"Then w-why d-don't you answer?"

"I have nothing or little to say. I obey, but cannot argue."

"Vewy unlike your s-sex usually," sneered his lordship, sticking his fork into the salmon viciously.

Then, after eating in a disagreeable, peevish sort of way that was particularly unpleasant to witness, he commenced again in a mocking, sneering tone:

"F-flower shows!—widiculous! W-what next? What on earth d-do the p-people want with flower shows? It's all d-decked nonsense, and I won't have you mixing yourself up in it."

Still not a word—the eyes fixed upon the plate, the white-gloved hands toying with the carved handle of the silver knife.

"I kn-know where you got it from—it's one of C-Chichester's c-confounded stupid notions. I—I tell you what it is, my lady, you're a deal too th-thick with ——"

"My lord!" she said at last, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom.

"D-don't shriek at me like that. I w-won't s-stand it," snapped Lord Crownbrilliants. "It's twue, and you kn-know it. He's always here. I'm p-perfectly sick of seeing him. Besides, you ought to know your position better than to encourage another man who was known to have been s-sweet upon you,"

The Countess rose white and majestic.

"You remind me of my position, my lord; give me leave to retire or I may forget it as you forget yours.

His lordship, delighted at the anger he had at last aroused, coolly sipped his wine and grinned.

"My p-position. I can't vewy well forget it, not having had a vewy much worse, my lady. Now you ——"

But she had gone, her long silken dress rustling behind her like a snake, and his lordship with a cunning grin refilled his glass.

"P-wood as she is, I'll bring her under yet. As for C-Chichester, I'll stop his little game with a s-snap of my fingers."

Two hours later Carlotta, Countess Crownbrilliants, saw from her dim corner of the window of her room the stalwart figure of Chudleigh Chichester cantering his favorite mare up the carriage-drive. Her heart beat thick and fast, and she rose trembling. If they met, with her husband in his present mood, what might not be the consequences? She knew the weak, aggravating, childish peevishness of the man who owned her, and she knew also the quick, hot temper of the man who loved her, heated and strained to its extreme tension by that very love. Ringing the bell with a quivering hand, she bade her maid show Mr. Chichester into the drawing-room, and, hastily bathing her tear-swollen eyes, stole down the stairs. The smile that always lighted up Chudleigh's face sprang to his eyes as she entered and held out her hand, but it gave place to a heavy frown as he murmured:

"Crying again? No denial, Carlotta; you cannot hide it. You forget I know every expression of your face as a priest knows his missal. What has happened? Has he ——"

"O Chudleigh, Chudleigh!" she breathed, "let go my hand. You—you must not come here again—you must not. See—oh, Heavens, do not look so! O Chudleigh, Heaven forgive me—but I love you so!"

And the unhappy woman hid her face in her hands.

"Heaven forgive you, my darling!" he murmured. How have you sinned, save in giving yourself to this—this—man? And Heaven has forgiven you that long since. O Carlotta, if—if ——"

"Hush! What was that?" she cried, starting and clutching his arm as a crash came from the dining-room.

"Is he there?" asked Chudleigh in a whisper.

She nodded.

"Let us go to him. He may come here, and ——"

Chudleigh opened the door and followed her into the hall.

Entering the dining-room, they saw that his lordship had fallen asleep across the table, having knocked down and broken a couple of glasses in his descent.

Carlotta shuddered, and Chudleigh's face grew awful in its contempt.

It was too fearful, this looking helplessly on at the spectacle of the man who had married the woman he loved lying drunk across the dinner-table.

"Come away," he whispered, turning to the door with Carlotta on his arm. But the rustle of her dress awoke his lordship, who started to his feet, and with bloodshot eyes stared drunkenly at Chudleigh.

"Hullo, C-Chichester," he hiccupped, "you're here again, hic, are you? I thought I told you that I wouldn't have my f-fine gentleman here again, eh? Then what the deuce—I say what the d-deuce does he do here? I'm the master of my own house, I'm your husband. I'm ——"

Rambling away into a string of incoherencies, he fell into the chair again sweeping a fresh lot of glass from the table with his helpless arm.

Chudleigh strode to the bell, his face white and his teeth clenched.

"Tell his lordship's valet to come here at once," he said to the servant, and, closing the door upon the drunken peer, he led the trembling Carlotta to the drawing-room. Then as she sank upon a couch he fell upon his knees beside her, and seizing her hand said in a hurried, tremulous whisper:

"My darling Carlotta, I cannot—you cannot bear it longer. It would be cruel, it would be wicked to leave you in his power. Carlotta, we must fly—fly to some distant land! Oh, my darling, do not hesitate. To-morrow night I will have a post chaise at the end of the lane; we will start from the Warrington station and reach Paris in a few hours. From Paris we will go to Italy—Italy—think, my darling. Oh, Carlotta, say yes. Stay! do not speak, place your hand in mine. Oh, you will come, away from suffering, darling. Leave all to me. Leave all to me, my own, my own!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown.
Such an act makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths.
So let him rest, his faults lie gently on him.
SHAKESPEARE.

The following morning Maurice Durant, on his way to the Rectory, which an army of workmen were making habitable, met Chudleigh riding at full gallop in the direction of the Hall, looking flurried and heated. He pulled up as he saw Maurice, and said:

"Going to the Rectory?"

"Yes. And you?" answered Maurice Durant, fixing him with his keen dark eyes.

"To the Hall," replied Chudleigh. "I have just come from Warrington, where I heard news that will necessitate my immediate return to town."

As he said it his eyes dropped before Maurice's searching ones, and the keen observer, used to reading men's faces at a glance, saw that something was wrong.

"Indeed," he said. "Some of your politics going wrong? Your party in danger?"

"N-no—that is, yes," said Chudleigh with some little confusion.

Maurice walked up to the mare, and, patting it with his strong white hand, said significantly, looking straight up into the young man's downcast eyes:

"Be careful, my friend; take the advice of one who has suffered severely from his own errors, and shun the first one."

Chudleigh started, but could not meet the honest eyes.

"Eh, what?" he said brokenly. "Oh, yes—yes—yes. I must be going—till we meet again," and started off at a sharp trot, which before the silent, motionless figure looking at him had lost sight of him had passed into the old break-neck gallop.

Sir Fielding asked no embarrassing questions when informed that Chudleigh must proceed to town at once, and gave him the sum of money he wanted without a moment's hesitation, so that Chudleigh found everything clear and easy, and felt perfectly secure against detection and pursuit as he walked into the stables and told his groom to harness the best pair to a light brougham at ten o'clock; but as a further precaution beckoned the man aside and told him with a significant look that he need not mention the orders he had received.

"Very good, sir," replied the intelligent servitor; "what time did you say, sir?"

"Ten o'clock. In time to catch the half-past nine from Warrington. And, by the way, George, you may as well drive, it is rather late for old William, and—you understand?"

"Quite so," replied the groom, touching his hat. "You'll find me all right, sir; where shall I take 'em?"

"At the end of the Park. I will tell you where to drive when I see you."

* * * * * * *

The day, taken up with preparation for the flight, passed with tolerable speed to Chudleigh; to the woman who was about to resign herself and her position to his hands the hours dragged fearfully. All night long right and wrong had been battling within her. One hour she had determined to take the fearful step and fly with the man she loved better than the whole world and her own soul; the next her better feeling got the upper hand, and, melted into tears and racked with sobs, she resolved to stay with the man she hated with a hate that grew each day.

In the morning she arose white and wearied, and found his lordship seated in the breakfast-room, looking as yellow as a guinea, with the black marks under his eyes, and hands that shook the paper they held nervously. Without a word she sat down at the table and poured out some coffee—without a word he stretched forward and took a cup, upsetting some of its contents over the magnificent carpet.

"Why do you f-fill the c-cup so full?" he snapped. "And what made you s-so late?"

"I was tired," she said in tones of ice.

"T-tired!" he said, with a sneer. "W-what with? N-not hard work. W-what the d-deuce should make you tired?"

She turned her face so that it came within the shadow of the curtain, and made no answer. Presently his lordship uttered an oath, and dropped the paper to the ground.

"N-nowhere!" he stammered, his face crimson and his fingers twitching. "Redcap nowhere. Why, she was the p-prime f-favorite yesterday. Nowhere! Phew! There's t-two thousand g-guineas gone! But what do you c-care?" he snapped, turning with a jerk to the silent, beautiful figure. "You don't care whether I win or lose. Y-you're a pretty wife, y-you are. Why don't you answer me?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Carlotta with simple scorn. "Besides, your lordship forgets that you have not asked me a question."

"Asked you a q-question? Of course I haven't; but I s-suppose you don't mean to keep s-silence until I do!"

Carlotta made no reply. And, stung by the scorn of her dark eyes, the weak-brained, malicious idiot caught up the paper and flung it full in her regal face.

She sprang to her feet at the outrage, and for the moment he thought she was about to strike him; but, instead, she stooped, and, picking up the paper, calmly placed it on the table, saying, with a strange smile:

"Did I not know that this was the last insult your lordship would offer me I could not bear it."

"Oh, you've s-spoken at l-last have you?" he sneered. "I th-thought that would move you. And now I don't know what you mean, and I d-don't care."

And rising from the chair he walked to the window and called to a man to get a dog-cart ready.

"The cob, your lordship?" asked the man, touching his cap respectfully.

"Of c-course, idiot," returned his lordship savagely, "and get weady to come with me to the steeplechase at Brocton. I shall s-start in an hour."

And with a scowl at his wife he lounged out. Carlotta drank a cup of coffee, and then returned to her room. Her face was calm and set, her mind determined. The last insult had been the one which had broken the back of her patience. Locking the door, she leisurely packed a small portmanteau with the clothes she had owned at her marriage, unlocked her jewel-cases and took from them the few trinkets that she had worn in her maidenhood, and those that had been presents to her from Lady Mildred, and all others excepting her husband's. His gifts and the Crownbrilliants diamonds she set aside in their cases, and, placing them on her dressing-table, laid this note, together with the keys, on the top:

LORD CROWNBRILLIANTS—Before you have read this I shall have left you forever, and be miles away from the misery your presence inflicts. Heaven knows when I married you I intended being a faithful and, if possible, a loving wife. I have striven to carry out my resolution. But you would not have it so. Your temporary passion, I might more truthfully say your whim, your fancy, soon vanished, and you soon proved by your words, your work, quick, or your looks, that you had grown to hate and despise me. From your hate, contempt and insult I have been compelled to fly. May Heaven lay the sin, if sin it be, to your charge, not to mine, who am driven to it by your cruelty. CARLOTTA.

That you will see that with the name you gave me on our marriage day I have left every article which I, as your wife, possessed. One favor I have to ask, and, being the last my lips or pen will ever beg of you, I have some hopes of your granting it—that you will not attempt to follow me. Pursuit is useless. I would rather die than see your face again.

Having written this, she, woman-like, burst into tears. But her proud spirit was too wounded to draw back, and with a trembling hand she folded it, placed it in an envelope, which, directing it "Lord Crownbrilliants," she laid on top of the jewel-case, and then, throwing herself upon the bed, which never more was to receive her beautiful form, she tried to sleep, for she knew that when the night came she would require all the strength of mind and body she could command.

Seven o'clock came, and dinner was announced. Hastily dressing to prevent any suspicion, she glided downstairs and found that Lord Crownbrilliants had not returned. She waited half an hour, then went through the pretense of partaking of the costly viands laid out for her, and, feeling ready to choke at every mouthful, swallowed some soup and ate the wing of a chicken. Before she finished a footman entered and handed her a note on a silver salver. The address was in Chudleigh's handwriting, and with palpitating heart, though with a calm face, she slowly tore the envelope open. The note ran thus:

MY DARLING.—All is going well. At half-past ten meet me at the bottom of the rose garden, and leave all the rest in my hands. Be firm.

Ever your own, CHUDLEIGH.

With trembling fingers she put the note in her pocket and sipped a little wine, then, telling her maid that she did not wish to be disturbed, stole up to her room again. Once more the battle within her breast commenced, but a glance at the beloved name at the foot of the note weighed down the balance of evil, and, nerving herself to the task, she slowly removed the magnificent evening dress and put on some dark traveling clothes. Then she sat down in the shadow of the room to wait with tightly-clasped hands the striking of the hours. Eight! nine! ten! She arose, and, striving to still the tumultuous beating of her heart by pressing her white hand against her side, opened the door and stole on to the corridor. At the foot of the stairs she met her maid, who stared at the dark clothes, and stood respectfully aside.

"I am going to walk in the garden, Parker," she said. "I may go as far as the town tell his lordship when he returns."

"Very good, my lady," said the woman, and the trembling girl glided on.

Once in the garden she breathed a sigh of relief. Not a soul was in sight. She saw the smoke from the gardener's cottage in the distance, saw the light in the bedrooms of the house behind, heard the barking of a dog in the stables with a dead, dreamy feeling of unreality, and still glided on. The rose garden! She stopped, and clenching her teeth stood for a moment white and deathlike. Before she recovered herself a man's form leapt from the shadow, clasped her in his arms, and Chudleigh's voice whispered, passionately:

"My darling, I knew you would come. Be calm, be brave! All is ready."

She did not speak, but her eyes met his in a stupor of agony, and he with a groan caught her up in his arms and carried her to the carriage waiting behind the hedge.

Placing her on the seat tenderly, he whispered to the groom on the box:

"To the station like lightning," and jumping in closed the door and pressed the beautiful form to his breast.

She spoke not a word, only clung white and trembling to his arm. The horses dashed on—the carriage rocked to and fro in the country lanes. A quarter of an hour passed. Chudleigh drew one hand from the waist of the woman he loved, and was stealing a glance at his watch. As he did so the carriage came to a sudden halt, the horses' hoofs could be heard as they reared and struck the ground, and a voice cried from the darkness:

"Stop!"

The groom uttered an imprecation, and Chudleigh sprang up, and, throwing open the door, leaped into the road. As he did so a horseman rode up to his side, and Maurice Durant's voice said, with startling calmness:

"Another moment and I should have been too late!" Then, in a lower tone, perfectly inaudible to the trembling Carlotta within the carriage, the speaker said: "Chudleigh, come farther away. I have news sudden and terrible."

Chudleigh, too startled to do anything but obey, followed the horseman to the farther hedge.

"Now—now," he cried hoarsely. "Quick; you don't know ——" with a glance towards the carriage.

"Yes, I do," returned the other, "and I thank my Creator, and yours, Chudleigh Chichester, that I am in time to stay you. A terrible accident has happened. A horse has run away, a cart been overturned, shattered to pieces, the victim is now being carried up this very lane."

"Accident—cart overturned—victim!" repeated Chudleigh, pressing his hand to his forehead, then exclaiming passionately: "Well, sir, and what has this to do with me and you? Heavens! you have nearly made me lose this train! Stand aside—I am on business of the utmost importance—I—stand aside, sir, I say!"

Maurice Durant's heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Do you not understand?" he said in low, ringing tones. "Turn the carriage and drive back like death, or you are lost. The crowd are bringing the dead man up the lane—will be here in another minute!"

"Dead man!" repeated Chudleigh. "Who?"

"Clarence, Lord Crownbrilliants!" replied Maurice Durant sternly.

Chudleigh uttered a low cry and staggered.

"He!" he cried.

"Yes—dead!" returned the other curtly. "Now, Chudleigh, or you are lost."

Chudleigh leapt into the carriage.

The groom, at a word from Maurice Durant, turned the plunging horses round, and away they dashed towards Annsleigh again. Carlotta, lying faint and deathlike against the cushions, clung to him, and, gasping, implored him to tell her what had happened. He could not speak, but hid her face against his breast. The carriage stopped at the garden gate. As if in a dream, Chudleigh lifted the beautiful woman out, and, taking her up in his arms, staggered up the rosary.

"Fly to your room!" he whispered hoarsely as they entered the hall. "Fly!"

She stood still for a moment, her dark eyes fixed upon him wonderingly, then walked obediently to the stairs. Before her foot had touched the first one the dull roar of a crowd and the sound of many footsteps were heard outside, and a loud ringing of the bells rang through the house. A servant hurried to open the hall-door, and half a dozen men, followed by a number of others, entered, bearing something long and limp, covered by a cloak. Carlotta turned round, and stared, statue-like, motionless. Chudleigh sprang before her. The foremost man took off his cap and stood irresolute. At that moment a horseman leaped from his horse, and, pushing aside the crowd, flung open the drawing-room door.

"In there!" he said in a low voice.

Not too low for Carlotta to hear, however; for, suddenly recalled to a consciousness of what was going on around her, she gently pushed Chudleigh aside, and glided through the door after the four men.

They tried to hold her back, but she put them aside with a calm, strong hand, and, advancing to the still burden, lifted the long cloak; then, gazing for a moment on the set, livid face that never more would sneer and mock her, she threw up her arms, and crying "Dead!" fell senseless into Chudleigh's arms.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

You could do all things but be good
Or chaste of mien,
And that you would not if you could,
We know, Faustine.—SWINBURNE.

Bright December. That is, bright in the country, with the trees and the meadows clothed in spotless robes of glittering snow, and the streams turned to threads of silver; but dull, grim and doleful in town, with the pavements and roads sloppy with the slush that penetrates the thickest boots, and makes the best-tempered man morose.

Particularly grim and dirty in the region of Hatton Garden, where the filthy gutters are reeking with half-melted snow and accumulated drainage; the houses grimmer in the bitter Winter time, when the stark wolf hunger is fiercer and more insatiable. Most particularly grim and miserable is the bar of the dirty, low-browed public-house at the bottom of the dark alley, for the sawdust grates beneath the soiled, uncertain tread like snowdrift, and the counter feels cold as a corpse's forehead when your fingers touch it.

Seated in the little parlor, through which about two Summers ago the four men had passed to the underground kitchen to plot the attack on the Rectory, sat a man and a woman. The man was Spazzola, sitting huddled up over the scrap of miserable fire, scratching his rags closer to him with a gesture that was eloquent of the Italian hatred for cold. The woman we have not seen before, though we have heard of her. Tall and well-formed, she might have been—nay, she was handsome, beautiful in her youth, though time and the vilest dissipation had thinned her straggling black hair, drink had blurred her dark eyes and drawn black hollows beneath them, and coarse rouge had left its tell-tale yellow upon her wasted cheek. But there was a look of savage cunning in her large, dull eyes, and a determined, passionate expression in her coarse animal mouth.

Looking at her as she leaned over the beer-stained, rickety table, her dirty hands covered with mock jewelry of the loudest description, clasped in front of her, no one would have guessed that she had once been the beauty and the toast in Paris, and the belle of half the civilized cities of the world; now she was—well, what she was—the shadow of a grand figure, the wreck of a magnificent face. Listen, it is she who speaks:

"How long, miserable object, art thou going to sit cowering over that fire, like a lost soul in purgatory?" she asked with a low discordant laugh.

"As long as I will," returned Spazzola with a snarl. "Purgatory! wouldst thou wert there!"

"Not so," returned the woman. "For then must I be where thou art eternally, and that would be purgatory ten thousand times heated."

Spazzola snarled.

"Enough. Spare thy tongue its venom. Dost think to touch one already deadened to thy sting? You ask me how long I think of staying here. I tell thee till thou art tired waiting for me to go. Felise! what dost thou want? What hast thou been dogging me for? Thou shouldst know by this time that I have never a bone to spare."

"And if thou hadst I never should get it," she said with a bitter laugh. "No, Spazzola, mine, 'tis not for bones, 'tis for meat I follow."

"Meat," he sneered, turning to the fire again and shutting it from her by his ragged cloak. "Meat! ugh!"

"Aye, meat!" she repeated. "Spazzola, thou art a dullard; thou art like the lizard who thought to escape the hunter's eye by shamming death. Ah! ah! I know thee. Too long hast thou had the chase to thyself; too long have gorged the plunder, while I have starved in the cold."

"Plunder! Gorged!" he snarled, rising with a contemptuous shrug of his lean shoulders. "Felise, thou art a bigger idiot than I thought thee. Do I look like a pampered, well-filled dog, or a lean, half-starved hound? Gorged!" he cried with a savage laugh. "There!" flinging a few coppers upon the table, which the woman pounced on like a tiger, and transferred to her pocket. "There is all my wealth, and thou hast it. Therefore, if it be that which draws thee after me step by step the magnet's gone, and ——"

"If is not," she laughed sardonically. "'Tis well done, Spazzola. I see that thou hast lost none of thy craft. Thou art the same fair-faced hypocrite as in the old days when —— Shah! Spazzola mine; they are as unsavory to me as thee. But thou art the same, unaltered—save for being uglier—like myself," she added, quickly and carelessly, as he turned with a significant grin. "Quite the same cheating fox!"

He sprang to his feet at the scornful words, but she, nothing daunted, laughed tauntingly, and struck her glass on the table.

"Empty—like thyself, my Spazzola—all air, empty air, and no liquor. Come, we will fill both of them at thy expense, and then to business."

"Business!" he snarled, sinking into his seat as, in answer to her summons, a dirty-looking girl entered, and filled the glasses from a long-necked Rhine flagon.

"Ay, business," she repeated. "Thou saidst I had watched; dost thou think I watch for nothing? Shah! Thou art not so great an idiot. I have watched and seen; thou hast some game on hand; thou hold'st winning cards. Soh! I will see the cards, and wait also. I will! And when I say I will it will be useless for thee to say 'thou wilt not'—that thou knowest. Come, leave the fire, and bare that honest breast of thine that I may see the secret there. Come! show the cards."

"I have none to show," he snarled, cowering still closer to the fire.

Her eyes flashed for a moment, and the soiled fingers tightened round the thick stem of the glass.

"Idiot!" she hissed, leaning over the table till her wine-stained breath came hotly against his hair. "Idiot! Wilt thou leave me to find it out and take my own and thy share too? Idiot! Am I blind, thinkest thou, or as great a dolt as thyself that thou hug'st thyself with the belief that I do not know that thou hast found him?"

"'Tis false!" he hissed, turning so sharply round that his blazing eyes met hers point-blank.

"'Tis true!" she hissed in return, her clenched hand trembling with passion. "Thou hast found him."

"And if I have?" he snarled, rising and striking the table with his clenched hand. "What is that to thee? Get thee back to thy den in Paris, in Venice, anywhere but here. Thou shalt not touch the game. I have sworn it!"

She tossed down the wine and leered up at him. His passion grew in intensity beneath her mocking gaze until the veins stood out thick and cord-like upon his swarthy forehead.

"Soh!" she hissed in a soft, snake-like tone. "Felise is to be robbed twice of that which is hers by right! Spazzola is to snare the game marked with her hand long since, and she is not to touch, not to lay so much as a finger on it. She is to be the catspaw for the monkey, Spazzola! Shah! Idiot! Ten thousand times idiot! I tell thee I have found him already ——"

He sprang forward and grasped her arm, his face working like a demon's, his breath coming in thick, quick gasps.

"I have him as surely as thou. Shall I tell thee where the game lies?"

Here she dropped her voice to a whispered word. He started, and stood with folded arms and averted, flashing eyes. Five minutes passed, the woman looking up at him with a low look of triumphant cunning; then, with a scornful voice, she said:

"Well, is it to be war or peace? Do we work together, my Spazzola, or separately?"

He sank into the chair, and fixed his black eyes upon her searchingly.

"Thou wilt not play me false?" he said in a low voice.

"I follow thee," she said with a significant look.

He held out his hand.

"Good. Thou wilt leave everything to me, and take thy fair half?"

"Thou shalt earn it all, and I will be satisfied with half, Spazzola mine," she grinned, grasping his hand.

"Good," he said, knocking the table. "Now to seal the bond. More wine!"

A bottle was brought, the woman snatched at it eagerly, and filled her glass—drained it and filled it, drained it, filled again, and again, and again—her companion seemingly drinking as hard, though really careful never to fill his glass, but talking and pushing the bottle continually. Presently the woman's voice grew thicker, huskier, until it was unintelligible; then, when the bottle was nearly emptied, the glass dropped from her hand, her head fell upon her arms, and she fell into a stertorous sleep. Spazzola sprang to his feet like a cat, and leaning across the table he drew a long shining stiletto from beneath his cape. It flashed in the air for one second, then dropped to his side as he hissed:

"Not yet! Not yet!"

Had that foot of steel been buried in the neck of the sleeping woman, how much trouble, how much agony would have been spared Maurice Durant and those he loved!

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOCTURNAL FOOTBALL.—A story is told of a well-known member of the Hampden County bar of Massachusetts. In his youthful days he was very expert at kicking football, and one night he dreamed he was back in the fresh vigor of youth, engaged in his favorite sport. Suddenly waking from the dream, he found the bedclothes in the middle of the floor, and his wife upon them, weeping as if her heart would break, and crying: "Oh, that I should come to this! Oh, how could you? How could you?" It gradually dawned upon the eminent legal gentleman that he had unconsciously used his wife for a football, but it required some of his most powerful pleading to win his case and obtain a verdict of acquittal from her.

THE ancient and historical Melcher House at Portsmouth, N. H., supposed to be over 150 years old, and in which Daniel Fowle established the first printing-office in New Hampshire, is to be taken down, having been sold under the auctioneer's hammer. The first issue of *The New Hampshire Gazette* was struck off in this building on Oct. 7, 1756.

DOWN TO CONEY ISLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY O. R. BEERS.

I vas walking towards East River von Sunday afternoon,
I dink it vas in July or else it vas in June,
Ven I caught up mit a woman—she vas no friend of mine,
Dough her brodder died at Bingen, somewhere on der Rhine.

But she spoke to me so softly it was hard for me to hear
Dem little vords dot sounded so sweetly in my ear,
Und dis vas what she told me—I remember to dis day—
"I am going down to Coney—Coney Island, down der bay."

So we started off togedder on dot Sunday afternoon;
I dink it vas in July, dough it might have been in June,
Und very soon we landed on dot island's sandy shores,
Vhere der salt sea vaves keep dancing to der music of its roar,

Where beer und vine is plenty, und clam-chowder sdry-where,
Where girls go in a bathing, und where fellers gape und stare,
Und where it cost five dollars, if der bills you have to pay,
On der white sands down to Coney—Coney Island, down der bay.

Soon ve heard der steamboat whistle; it vas time for us to go,
But I noticed she vas weary, und her steps was very slow,
Und she said: "New York may vant you, I vill not keep you here,
But let me stay at Coney, der place I luf so dear,

Und I'll write to you to-morrow, if you'll leave me your address,
For I know I'll feel much better, after having had some rest;"
So I told her where to write me, as der steamboat vent avay,
From dot dizzy girl at Coney—Coney Island, down der bay.

On der morrow came a letter, und dis it vat she said:
"I dink I'm feeling better, for der vine has left my head,
Und I took dis time to dank you (und believe me, I'm sincere)
For der bath ve took togedder, und der vine, und lunch und beer;

But I'm lonely here midout you, took der first train down to night—
You will find me here at Ryan's, it's der first house on der right."
So I dought der matter over in der old and usual vay,
Und I guessed I go to Coney—Coney Island, down der bay.

When der train stopped at der station I took a look around,
Und I saw der sign of Ryan (it vas easy to be found);
So I started off quite briskly, but when I reached der place,
I knew dot disappointment vas depicted in my face;

I could not see der woman, but, dinking all vas right,
I asked "had a young lady took lodging dare dot night?"
Den der clerk smiled sadly on me, und he said: "She vent avay,
But said you'd come to Coney—Coney Island, down der bay."

Den he drew a long leadencil from behind his little ear,
Und he smiled again upon me, den I said: "Young man, look here!"
But he handed me a paper, as his smile grew wider still—
It vas der whole sum-total of an unreceipted bill.

Two per half or wine and beer, und one dollar for her bed,
One for supper, one for breakfast; den der clerk politely said:
"Just five-fifty—cheap expenses for a husband to defray
While his wife is down at Coney—Coney Island, down der bay."

Dot's der first time dot I tumbled—you could kill me mid a quill,
When der man said he'd "arrest me if I did not pay dot bill."
Well, I dought der ding would cost me boud der same to go to jail,
For I had no friends to help me, nor no one to go my bail;

So I paid der money sadly, den I told dot office clerk
Of der little game she played me, und how nicely it did work.
But he told me to "take courage, such dings happen effery day,
Mong der greenhorns down at Coney—Coney Island, down der bay."

Well, der season's fast approaching when we'll sizh for sea and shore,
Und some will hear der music of der wild Old Ocean's roar,
Where der white, foam-crested billows break upon der sandy beach,
Where Nature shows her power, und her fairest lessons teach.

But der charm has lost its power it once had offer me,
Und

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

ED. L. S., Arlington House.—1. In possessing the article on the "marriage and right or maiden names of actresses," contained in *The Sunday Mercury* paper, you own a column of trash. The few facts are correct are rendered unserviceable to you by the greater number being incorrect; and of course between the two you or your sister cannot distinguish, any more than the compiler of that column could distinguish between the living and the dead. Many of those spoken of as living have been dead many years—some of them died before the compiler was probably born. 2. To your request for the agreed twenty-eight professionals we decline to accede, for the reason that, as we are in doubt as to whether or not the age of any one of them is any business of ours, we cannot be satisfied that it is any business of yours. A table of "ages of popular actresses" was published in *The Sun* on Feb. 17. You are at liberty to use that. But one tell you beforehand that it contains the names of ladies who could have been but one year old when they were playing speaking parts; of others who were playing child parts when they were twenty-four years old; of others whose husbands died when their wives were but seven years old; and of others, again, who were born when their mothers were children—if those "ages" are correct.

J. A. WOOZ, Steel Works P. O.—Hyer and Morrissey met on the Union Course, L. I., in June, 1854, when, after some words, Morrissey challenged Hyer to fight then and there, but Tom, who was unwell, declined. On July 20 following they met, per agreement made the day previously, at "The Abbey," on the Bloomingdale road, when Hyer produced pistols, told Morrissey to select one, and offered to bet $100 to $60 that he (Hyer) would kill him. Morrissey refused to fight with pistols, wanting to fight for "ice" alone. This didn't suit "the Chief," who was, however, willing to make a match for from $7,000 to $10,000 a side, but Morrissey wasn't prepared to do that, and those who went to see a fight were disappointed.

C. O. P., Cincinnati.—Please A could make luck or game a fair grab in his low, 8 goes out on his three of trumps, which counts fifteen as you were playing the game. 8's claim that he was entitled to a preference because he had played high is erroneous. After high, low, jack and game are counted, then the remaining points count in the order in which you state them—don, sancho, pedro. B's don could not put him out unless he made game or jack (if latter was dealt).

J. J. D., Somerville.—If A played his last domino, how could B play his last? If A called the five he made, and also gave B to understand that he had played his last piece, then it was necessary for him to call game, since there was then no process by which B could make game. But if A's "five" uncalled by him would count B out, then the latter could claim that A's "smuggling" had win the game thereby.

S. A., San Francisco.—1. The newsboys sell *The Herald* at three cents, and *The Tribune* at four cents per copy. 2. The fare on the Fourth-avenue Horse Railroad is five cents from the City Hall to Forty-second street; from the Hall to any point between Forty-second and Eighty-sixth, via Madison avenue, it is eight cents. On the Third-avenue Road it is five cents to Sixty-fifth, and six cents beyond to Harlem Bridge.

KIPLEJOHN, Manayhunk.—1. High, low, jack, game. Heathen Chinee, sancho, pedro and don, in your case. 2. The "game" is an absurdity, no matter how played. Your three-spot for don, and your blank card counting thirteen (as Heathen Chinee), show that. 3. The deuce should be low, if the word "should" can be applied to such a "stone."

PRESCOTT GAMBLER.—1. It looks to us as if all hands were at fault. A's second lead should have been a trump, if he had one, having been deft, trump not; if he had not suit, should have trumped; C, if he had not suit, should have trumped also, provided he could beat B's; and D, having trump, should have played it. 2 A card led cannot be withdrawn except by general consent.

JOHN T. SCHAFFER, Rochester.—We do not believe Col. McLaughlin was ever fairly defeated in a match by any man other than James Owens, who won the championship from him at Boston, Dec. 28, 1876. The only other wrestler who was awarded a victory over him was Homer Lane, at Oneida, N. Y., Sept., 1868, shortly after which Mac visited West Va.

J. K. JOHNSON, Phila.—Your explanation does not change the case—verses are composed, as well as music. Had you written "Music by J. K. Jr." as you have now done the latter would have relieved you of the suspicion of plagiarism. We have no room for the reprint. We have more *original* matter in that line than we can use.

H. H. Y., Pittston.—Mrs. Stowe's novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first presented in dramatic form at the National Theatre, in this city, Aug. 23, 1852. The novel first appeared in weekly parts, told from time to time, in *The National Era*, Washington, D. C., in 1851-2, and was first published in book form in Boston in 1852.

TEXAS, Brooklyn.—If the game was not one of partnership, you should show all your cards, and your opponent could not call any one of them. In a partner game, where it might be to your advantage for your partner to be shown one or more of your cards, any card exposed would be called.

CAPT. J. F., Republic.—1. No. Adelaide Neilson is an actress, and Christine Nilsson an operatic vocalist. 2. The first-named is a Jewess by birth, we believe. 3. It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best soprano singer of the stage. 4. No. 5. James Owens is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America.

E. E. S., Westboro, Vt.—It is idle for the next man to say whether he will give more. After all bidding has ceased, then the seller can sell or stand on his hand. These parties, who were bidding as high as 16, only bid the limit they were playing auction-pitch. No more than four can be bid at that game.

C. M. T., Toronto.—1. You can prosecute him if he represented the cigar was "all Havana" but you had better consult a lawyer before you attempt to prosecute. 2. They obtained no government land by swearing allegiance to the United States simply. They might have got it through becoming Union soldiers.

LADY SUFFOLK, New Haven.—1. There have been two Lady Suffolks, both gray. The original was mainly a saddle-horse, and as such her best time is 2:26, made on the Cambridge Course, Boston, June 14, 1849. 2. There is a stuffed horse there that was said to have been Lady Suffolk.

CASSINO, Rock Island.—A player cannot do for a partner what he could not do for himself. If he builds "eight" for himself, without having an eight in his hand, he forfeits the game, as he also does if his excuse is that he built it for his partner.

YOUNG TON, Phila.—The post-office authorities can stop their letters if they find that they are using the mails for fraudulent purposes. We received the advertisement through responsible agents, and if you will send us the address of the fifteen "blows" we will investigate.

J. G. C., Columbia.—If the dealer pays an amount equivalent to that which was on the layout. A should have insisted upon being paid in the first instance. Perhaps he would have bet his winnings on the ace, and—perhaps he wouldn't.

R. N. A.—After having paid $7 50 in cash for the refreshments, the man will be only too glad to redeem the checks. Those checks represent just what he has not got to redeem. There seems to be something wrong about the question.

GUS ROOS, Boulder.—B is wrestling. It had been his intention to call A, and, besides, he virtually called for a fight. However, A unwisely showed his hand before B put up the five dollars to call him, or even expressly said he would call him, and he now has a five dollars in check.

BOWERY CITY, Janesville.—Harrigan and Hart played together in the Winter Garden, Chicago, Ill., during the season of 1870-1 (before the great fire). It was there the partnership was formed.

S. B. V., South Adams.—Cash received. As we keep no record of such matters, we cannot state positively the largest traveling company of any theatrical company. We think some have lasted two years, if not longer.

J. R. L., Duluth.—1. Cannot give you the dimensions of Mississippi steamboats. Mr. Pastor has not made up his route for the whole of the season. 3. With No. 4, volume 26.

LAVENDA, Columbus.—1. The gentleman whose name she bears. 2. He was a Mr. Harpendyne. 3. He was in New York City and Philadelphia respectively. 5. She is still living.

F. R., Lawrence.—1. George Washington was born Feb. 11, 1732. The anniversary of that date is now Feb. 22. 2. He was inaugurated President of the United States at the City Hall, Wall street, this city, April 30, 1789.

C. H. T., Washington.—At pedro a player can shuffle the cards and cut the dealer, and the dealer who is entitled to the last shuffle always, can shuffle them again. This applies to nearly all games of cards.

STEVE, Cincinnati.—It depends entirely upon their ability and reputation how much salary clog-dancers receive. From $40 per week upwards.

J. G. W., Philadelphia.—A should have turned the dummy up, if he did not want it. B, having already passed it, could not take it.

MONROE, Wisconsin.—1. The Queen of England gets no salary whatever. 2. Yes. 3. Unable to state the exact nature of a bet when a decision is desired.

X. X. X., Trenton.—John Leary, who teaches boxing in Brooklyn, will go. Address him care of CLIPPER, stating terms.

BARBER, Westerly.—Sam Hurst, the "Staleybridge Infant," became champion of England by defeating Tom Paddock, Jan. 30 and Feb. 13 respectively, in 1860.

SUBSCRIBER, Easton.—We do not know whether he will win or lose, as we cannot tell what will happen two weeks from now.

C. H.—He made the remark on more than one occasion in this city, but never in the Academy of Music, as he never acted there save for benefits.

M. S., New Haven.—The Great Eastern is not in service at present. 2. A letter addressed in care of this office will quickest reach him.

G. L., South St. Louis.—The dealer and the beggar can agree to the contrary, but the trump has nothing to say until the trump is fixed or the cards have run out.

HENRY, Illinois.—If nothing comes between the three deuces, you count eight for them, and two more for thirty-one.

BROOKLYN.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, and he will send you full instructions how to procure a copyright.

J. F. R., Chicago.—"The Danites" was acted for the first time on any stage in the Broadway Theatre, this city, Aug. 31, 1877.

N. C. P., Brooklyn.—Have nothing to do with them. There is only one way to secure permanent success upon the stage, and that is to commence at the beginning.

SAM. D. TOWNER, Cincinnati.—Sayers' arm was not broken, but it was badly injured, in the fifth round of his fight with Heenan. They fought 42 rounds.

L. S., Cambridge.—You can get back numbers of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1876 and 1877. All previous to 1876 are out of print.

E. and L., Cincinnati.—No answers by mail. We do not give instruction in such matters. There is no book published from which you can gain the desired information.

J. C., Wilmington.—Address Carlisle & Pearson, 241 Eighth st., New York, a suitable fee, they will probably furnish you with such a list.

T. G. Z., Columbia.—If the throw stands to his credit. It made no difference whether M threw first or thirty-fourth. Y. is entitled to nothing but a throw.

C. F. G., Washington.—Search our advertising columns for the cards of dealers in that line (sporting), and address them for novelties.

DAN.—Ten Broeck is a horse, and Goldsmith Maid is a mare. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for their running and trotting time respectively.

J. SULLIVAN, Augusta.—Maurice Daly has never made a run of over 209 in any three-ball championship game with either Dion or Dionne.

J. E. D., Philadelphia.—Gilmore's Garden as such was first opened May 29, 1875. There had been no garden of that name previously open in this city.

S. S.—Garland played in 444 Broadway, this city, in 1863, and again in the season of 1863-4.

J. MC., New Haven.—Yes, he acted in it during his engagement in Booth's Theatre, which closed Feb. 24.

C. D., Buffalo.—We cannot state the correct seating capacity of the theatre in the Crystal Palace, London, Eng.

OLD READER.—A straight is played by some people to beat three of a kind; by most people, to beat two pair.

STUDENTS' HALL.—B could make it spades, even though there was no spade in his hand.

JOHNNY COX, Philadelphia.—Old Bill Terese arrived in New York from England in 1853.

CONSTANT READER, Chillicothe.—Not that we are aware of.

F. W. K. Jr., Utica.—Thank you. We shall be pleased to receive brief reports, with scores.

CREEDMOOR, Richmond.—Letter delayed, and news too stale for publication now.

J. P. J., Barrington.—Three eights and two threes beat three sevens and three tens.

W. J. G., Philadelphia.—A player can order up at euchre, even though he has not a trump in his hand.

M. M., Fall River.—These figures make a billion—4,000,000,000; and so do these—1,000,000 000,000.

C. N., Baltimore.—B is out on his high, having made the three he gave.

F. S. D., Boston.—Neither Ferry nor anyone else then acted as President.

DOCTOR, Baltimore.—The three tens played straight entitle B to count eight for pairs, irrespective of the 9.

DECEIVED.—"Happy Blackbirds," "Somebody Grabbed Hold of My Ear."

SIX HUNDRED, Washington.—Robert Bonner paid $37,500 for Dexter.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—King, queen, ace, deuce and tray do not form a straight.

S. AND S.—At the American game of vingt-un, ties with the dealer are a stand-off.

MARY AND ANNA.—"Who wants a Wife?" was written by A. P. Kobb.

H. F. Y., Hamilton.—That recitation has been put to music. Address F. Blum, 861 Broadway, New York.

F. J. & J. S. W., Janesville.—F. J. wins. See answer to "Bower City" in this issue.

H. H., Columbus.—Apply to Roe Stephens, Detroit, Mich.

C. M. R.—It would be better for you to make known your wants through the advertising columns of the press.

A. D. G., Brooklyn.—We do not know that. We have not heard from Billy on the subject.

J. S. R., St. Louis.—He never received that amount for one week's services in any city.

F. C., New Orleans.—We have an abundance of original ones on hand.

J. W., Fairfield.—At euchre a player who *is* ordered up cannot go alone.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—No answers as to relative circulations of newspapers.

W. H. HAIGH, Toronto.—Yes. See answer to "John Smith, Boston."

L. A., Rutland.—1. John McMahon was never champion wrestler of America. 2. Yes.

W. H. L. S., South Bend.—1. It was a drawn battle. 2. He did not. 3. No.

P. C. W., Grayville.—No answers by mail. Address any of the managers in care of this office.

S. A.—A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him.

FURNITURE, Boston.—Do not know enough about that business to advise you.

CONSTANT READER, Ansonia.—There is no such office in London, Eng.

JOHN KEITH, Boston.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will inform you.

READER, Chicago.—We have no record of his first appearing in public.

M. C. R., Litchfield.—1. Personally we know nothing of the gentleman. 2. It is fair to bet on a "sure thing."

MCC., St. Louis.—1. Half or step brothers and sisters. 2. There is no difference.

C. S., Phila.—There is no run here for the player of the last card—4, 5, 6, 4, 4, 5, 4.

J. W. M., Atlanta.—By turning up four jacks and making high, low and game is one way.

CONSTANT READER, Carbondale.—A wins, if the ten-cent piece is a good one.

ROSANNA, Baltimore.—Jack fairly turned up counts before any other point.

HENRY.—All bets were valid prior to those of the hand in which the discovery was made that the pack was loaded.

W. H., Allentown.—We do not know of anyone who would take the trouble to furnish such a list.

A. A. C., Newport.—A having assisted, his partner cannot play alone.

JOSEPHUS, Washington.—1, 2. Call on the Navy Department, your city, and you will be correctly informed.

GOV. PRINTING OFFICE, Washington.—As two-thirds of 60 are 46, it looks as if in 46 there are two-votes over two-thirds.

J. DE C. W., Washington.—The clue is so slight that we cannot aid you in recalling the name of the piece.

J. D., Chicago.—No answers by mail. We have advertised your letter for him.

PAT SMITH.—The battle of the Alma was fought Sept. 20, 1854.

F. T. O., Providence.—We do not know of any such firm.

S. E. LEE, Garrettsville.—Sixty cents for each insertion.

EIGHTEENTH STREET.—Yes, and resids there at present.

A. S. P., ——, 7, 6, 3, 5 give the player of the 5 a run of five.

F. G. J.—1. It cannot be decided. 2. We do not know.

F. AND E.—4, 6, 5, 3, 2, 7, 4 give the last 4 eight points.

T. L. H., Hartford.—Sixty cents for each insertion.

O. D. M., Buffalo.—About the latter part of April.

FRANK.—Your card costs $3 60 for two insertions.

J. S. S., Rochester.—Game counts before pedro.

RARE BOOD.—Yes, Mrs.

THE WATCH.—Was won by 43.

WM. H. CLOUX, Phila.—April 9, 1867, we believe.

L. W., Chicago.—4, 5, 5, 5 and 5 count 24.

W. E. S., Claverack.—It could not do it.

W. T. W., Newark.—It is opposition.

BUMMERY, Oswego.—A can draw.

SPORT, Chicago.—Cannot say.

F. S.—The series is published.

H. F. S.—It is not, ten cents.

A. M. C.—A played correctly.

BOSTON, Phila.—A loses.

WHAT we have all along predicted has at length come to pass, just as had been foretold by us eighteen months ago or less. You will remember that we were the first to suggest the Silver Bill just passed, and that it was from the draft of our early articles on the currency of the country the bill was originally framed. We have advocated the passage of the bill right straight along, never deviating a hair's breadth from the position we had taken when the subject was first brought up in Congress. You will have no difficulty in recollecting all this, we dare say. While other journalists were endeavoring to graft a gold dollar upon the governmental stems, we strenuously, week after week, sounded the tocsin in behalf of the silver ninety-two-cent piece, without regard to nationality, creed, political prejudice or color. It was only a couple of weeks ago that we brought our influence to bear upon members of both branches of Congress; the result of the passage of the bill over the veto of the President shows the force of our arguments and the cogency of our reasoning. It is pleasant to know that this aim of our life has been attained without the shedding of a single drop of blood! And now "What shall the harvest be?" Let us not be too hasty in our anxiety for results. The new dollar, if there is plenty of it, may lift us out of the slough of despond, or it may sink us deeper in the regions of despair. We shall see anon.

Dollar Jingles.

We had a little dollar once,
Pure gold, and shining bright,
But came along one Silver Bill,
And knocked it out of sight.

There was a man in Washington,
A man both Bland and wise,
Who said the golden dollars weren't
The regulation-size;

Now, when he ascertained the fact,
With all his might and main
He dug his daddy's cart-wheels up
And brought them back again.

THINGS are not working harmoniously among the members of the Democratic party in this city. There are two factions, each with its organ, and they are pitching into one another like it was a prize-fight for the championship! The Tammanyites in office are shivering in their shoes, while the outs are hammering away at them like anything. These little skirmishes make matters right lively; and if they continue to go on as they have been going, it is not likely that we shall need Mr. Barnum's circus here.

SOME DISAGREEABLE old prairie-flower declares that, ever since that district-telegraph messenger boy was presented with a medal for helping to secure an offender against the laws, nearly all the other boys are trying to inveigle people into private houses, and then getting police-officers to arrest them. Thus are man's best intentions frustrated by juvenile precociousness.

WHY don't the contestants of the Vanderbilt will put Wm. H. in an insane asylum, and thus force him to a compromise? This obstinate man should hesitate in his opposition to the wishes of his relatives. If there's money enough to go round, we insist that there shall be a fair divvy. Wm. H., remember the fate of Lord the Hicksite.

ISN'T the A. T. Stewart hotel for workingwomen rather too steep in its rates for board? How many workingwomen can afford to pay from six to ten dollars per week, we should like to know? Where would the clothing come in at such prices? Better start a new schedule, ranging from three to six dollars.

TO THINK that, after undergoing the ordeal of fire in various sections of the country, the blind orphan-girl Kate Claxton should be so unfortunate as to be obliged to apply for the benefit of the bankrupt act! We wish the fair Kate a safe deliverance.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.—*Mother:* Come here, my precious pet, and let the gentleman hear how nicely you can sing that beautiful hymn "There is a land of pure delight." *Precious Pet:* All right. *(Sings:)* "Mother, may I go down to swim?" *(Slow curtain.)*

IN TIMES like these it is gratifying to hear of anybody doing well. "Our Jim" says that he knows a man who has *dead loads* of business. Upon investigating the case, the busy man turns out to be an undertaker!

IF ALL those piano-manufacturers who got first medal at our Centennial Exhibition intend to show up at the Paris Exposition, it will necessitate the erection of a new building to accommodate them.

WE KNEW this storm was coming. Two weeks ago we advised storekeepers to take in their awnings. Much loss and suffering were prevented by our timely advice.

"OUR JIM" was somewhat puzzled a few days ago when a disciple of Darwin pointed out the boy to a friend as the "connecting link!"

NO MATTER how legal the holiday may be, our prisons are never closed to the public.

PEOPLE in favor of silver *coin*-cide with those on the "*coin*" side.

OCCASIONALLY *man's laughter* ends in manslaughter!

THE LACROSSE TOURNEY.—Concerning the proposed lacrosse tournament in this city, a Canadian player writes:

MONTREAL, Feb. 25, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Being a constant reader of your much-respected journal, I noticed in last week's issue an item concerning the "Lacrosse Tournament" proposed to be held at Gilmore's Garden in March. I think if it takes place at that time, you will have very few, if any, Canadian players competing. Simply because we cannot play here in Winter. I feel sure we (Independent L. C.) could and would send a team should the event take place in July or August, when all teams would have had time to get into first-class trim, and Americans would see to better advantage how our national game is played. By calling the attention of these making arrangements to this, you will, I am sure, confer a favor upon all clubs in this city, as well as myself. Yours truly, W. E. JAXON.

DOANE VS. WALSH.—MONEY DRAWN.—In January last a match was made between Louis A. Doane of Petrolia, Pa., and Chas. R. Walsh of Boston, Mass., to wrestle at the former place on Feb. 14. A clause was, however, inserted in the articles (now before us), providing that in case "either party should be taken sick, or become disabled from any cause whatsoever, the money already posted shall not be forfeited." We held $100 from each party, and, in compliance with a request from Walsh, contained in a letter received March 1, saying that he is unable to go on with the match, we have returned his money. If Doane will forward his address, we will also express his deposit to him.

PRESENTATION.—A gold badge and set of resolutions will be presented to Capt. Alexander S. Williams by the members of the Police Athletic Club, at the gymnasium, this (Tuesday) afternoon. The presentation is intended as a mark of approval of the manner in which the Captain has fulfilled the duties of president since the organization of the club. An athletic entertainment will be given during the afternoon.

THE MILLER-BOGARDUS LIFTING CONTEST.—This trial of strength was to take place at Gilmore's Garden on Monday evening, March 4, but the hour is too late for us to give the result in this issue. A note received on the afternoon of that date informs us that each principal had placed $250 in the hands of Mr. Gilmore, who was chosen final stakeholder, and Captain Bogardus has drawn the $500 posted with us.

PROF. CARTIER, the New York dancing-master, is said to have, on Feb. 27, at Baltimore, Md., repeated his Boston feat—waltzed thirteen hours without a halt. It is alleged that Miss Sadie Leoboldt danced with him throughout the first three hours.

THE BENCH SHOW OF DOGS organized by the Massachusetts Kennel Club will be held in the old Theatre Comique building, Boston, March 26, 27, 28, 29. Premiums to the value of $4,000 are offered.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Feb. 25: Anderson's sentence caused consternation among the other planks of the Returning Board.....Smash-up on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. One man killed and three injured.....The West Point murderer turned out to be Michael Tobin, a fifer in the Engineer battalion. A woman in the case.....Hightoned young lady arrested in Brooklyn for shoplifting—kleptomania was what they called it.....Indicted officers of the State Savings-bank, Trenton, N. J., sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying in length from six months to five years. .....House Committee reported in favor of transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department.....Fourteen illicit whiskey distilleries raided by revenue officers in Tennessee.....Death-number four from poisoned water in Richford, Vt.....One Baker, a milkman of Brooklyn, three different times did MERRY, and so four years they gave him in the penitenti-ary.....City news: Attempt to blackmail the Princess Suvaroff, a guest at the Windsor—some miserable Turk doubtless did it; plucky Mrs. Voss, surrounded by burglars in her husband's jewelry store, saved the stock by breaking a window-sash and giving the alarm; darkness fell upon Egyptian Hall, and the Columbia was a jam of commotion; the Supply sailed with supplies for Paris; further testimony in the Morris-Purdy Assembly contest; ex-Minister-to-England Pierrepont arrived on the steamer Germania; a fall from the roof of a North-street building killed George Caulfield; Jennie Durand, at sweet sixteen, severed an artery because of jealousy.....James Gordon Bennett petitioned Congress to help him in Polar explorations. He can look out for polo himself.....By cable: The Pope received Cardinal McCloskey; Grand Duke Nicholas arrived at San Stefano to sign the treaty of peace; elevator in the Grand Hotel, Paris, went up so suddenly as to kill three persons; $6,000 miners at Aberdare agreed to accept a reduction of wages.

*** Feb. 26: President reported to have told the Cabinet that he should veto Silver Bill.....Mr. Ferry elected President pro tem. of the Senate by one vote. Ferry close.....Ben Butler spoke for greenbacks; he usually does, thereby proving that speech is not always silver.....A. W. Beard nominated for Collector at Boston.....Senate discussed the decoration of Americans by foreign powers.....J. Madison Wells before the Grand Jury to tell what he knew about the court officers. .....The Constitution sailed from Philadelphia with goods for the Paris Exposition.....Three bodies found on the beach at Duxbury, Mass.....Death sentence pronounced upon Wm. Grunly, colored, at Indianapolis, Ind.....Oscar O. Hodge convicted of manslaughter at Johnstown, N. Y.....Thomas McFarland appointed receiver of the Standard Oil Company, Pittsburg, Pa.....Burglars in Arlington, Ky., robbed an unsafe safe of $10,000.....City news: Police-captains Dyker and Hilbert censured from the bench; Vanderbilt will case came to the surface again; court-martial of Gen. O. L. Shepherd began; College of Dental Surgery graduated eleven students; crew of the ship Levi G. Burgess arrested on a charge of mutiny; Ellen Bergen fell into a bonfire in New Church street, and was badly burned; marriage of Josephine Hilton, daughter of Judge Hilton, to Assistant District-attorney Horace Russell; lowney peg-leg Dan held a wake over ex Police-captain Foley; New York Yacht Club's annual dinner; Children's Carnival at the Academy; the Commissioners of Accounts showed what the Board of Excise had done with its money.....By cable: Cardinal McCloskey announced himself pleased with the selection of Pope Leo XIII; terms of peace signed at San Stefano.....Three Cameron & Amberg's printing establishment, at Chicago—loss $130,000; Globe Cotton-mills, at Augusta, Ga.—loss $80,000; an attempt was made to fire the building No. 109 Orchard street, this city, but the flames were extinguished.

*** Feb. 27: Hot debate in the Senate over Pension-agent Coster.....The House passed a bill to relieve Dr. Wm. A. Hammond. Also debated the pensioning of old soldiers who became Confederates.....Burlington, Vt., Geo. W. Stranahan fatally fired three shots at the girl he loved and one at himself. George was jealous.....Village of Isleton, on Andrews Island, in the Sacramento River, reported swept away by the flood.....Two young farmers in Charles City, Va., fought a duel. Three shots and both wounded. Land, not love, the cause.....State Assembly voted to restore all salaries cut at $2,000 paid to New York City officials.....Indictment found against Frank Leslie in a Philadelphia court.....Ella Sexton attempted to fill a lighted kerosene lamp in Jersey City. Explosion and death.....Charles Mountjoy sentenced in a Brooklyn court to ten years' imprisonment for burglary. Which will lessen his amount of joy in this city's news: Anthony Comstock told about his visit to Mme. Restell; crew of the bark Grace attacked the mate and were arrested; Wm. Sheppard stabbed in South Fifth avenue by the fellow who robbed him of his wife; Isaac Goldberg, aged four, played with matches in Mott street and went where matches are not; Ladies' Union League Club's Chief-justice Daly made his annual address before the Geographical Society; counsel in the Vanderbilt will case called each other liars; the Rev. Mr. Lloyd's friends formed a new church.....By cable: England still making warlike preparations; steamship City of New York reached Queenstown and reported that she had run into and sunk the brig Laurette—one person drowned. .....Three Rolling-stones from Johns Eligh, Jr., a child perishing in the flames; skirt-printing factory in Brooklyn—the proprietor, T. G. Davidson, arrested on a charge of arson; head house of the Susquehanna Coal Company, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., the men narrowly escaping with their lives—loss $12,000.

*** Feb. 28: President vetoed the Silver Bill. Congress passed it over the veto. Vote in the House, 196 to 73; in the Senate, 46 to 19. Whoever swear by the dollar of our daddies—which our daddies never saw.....Judge Leonard sent to Cuba to find out whether Southern negroes have been kidnapped.....It took a Johnstown, N. Y., jury three hours to decide to hang Samuel Steenburgh.....Man in Berlin, Ct., died from hydrophobia.....Explosion in the Pratt-street mine at Girardville, Pa., killed Wm. M. Williams.....Sing Sing prisoners told of brutal punishment inflicted by keepers....The fifth victim of poisoned well-water died in Richford, Vt.....The New York Assembly discussed the Excise Bill and some of the members eulogized lager.....A six-year-old boy in Hoboken City coughed himself to death.....Prominent St. Louis lawyer, charged with forgery, attempted to swallow the evidence of his guilt. If this story came from Chicago it would be hard to swallow.....Suspension of John I. Adams & Co., wholesale grocers in New Orleans. Liabilities, $1,500,000.....City news: Pirates in the East River purloined the schooner P. & Hoosier, thus travelling their lives; public schoolhouses in the Bowery may be obtained for five cents; Bellevue graduated 130 young M. D.'s, and the Homœopathic College 38 more; Thomas Lynch, the old friend of Jim Fisk, committed to the Bloomingdale Asylum; Louis Napoleon sent up for twenty years by Recorder Hackett—what 'er Lou; a match for grappling of death in a Forty-sixth street slip; two liquor-dealers brought suit against the Excise Commissioners to recover fees deposited—this is work for the bar.....By cable: The European Conference said to have been abandoned; Willis, Percival & Co. of London failed for over $3,000,000.....Fire in Carroll & Co.'s building in West Houston street, this city—loss $10,000. Oddfellows' Hall and other buildings at Butlerville, Ind.—loss about $40,000.

*** March 1: Silver on everybody's tongue, but not in everybody's pocket. Ohio Legislature voted to fire a salute in honor of the bill.....McGill, on trial at Cleveland, O., found guilty of murder in the first degree.....John W. Daniels hanged at Warrensburg, Mo.....Two prayers or speeches.....Vice-President Wheeler pronounced the Louisiana Returning Board trials a gross outrage on justice.....Henry Ward Beecher installed chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn.....Wm. Crout of Laramie City, W. T., received three bullets for insulting another man's wife.....Mrs. John Burden killed on the railroad-track at Dodgeville, R. I.....The Iowa Senate voted to restore capital punishment in that State.....A man digging a well in the cellar of his house at Wilmington, Del., struck oil. Oils well, etc.....City news: Ex-Gov. Moses printed his story about the South Carolina Returning Board—said Tilden's majority was 1,000—O Moses! Coroner's jury could not decide on the Barclay-street explosion; Mme. Restell in custody in her own house; a Charley Ross case in the Eighteenth Ward; Alexander Tiberi shot himself and died; a faithless wife led Charles Duyss to take Paris-green; counsel in the Vanderbilt case offered to show that the Commodore had proposed marriage to Tennie C. Claflin—Mamie Quackenbush denied it.....Bill for apportioning the State introduced into the New York Assembly.....Richard Green hanged at Kansas City. He confessed his crime and "forgave everybody."....By cable: Most of the Cuban insurgents laid down their arms; John Ruskin dangerously ill; the Turkish Minister of War ordered no more foreign ships to enter the Dardanelles.....C. P. Marsh, a lager-beer brewer, of Allentown, Pa., destroyed by fire—loss $100,000. Incendiarism suspected.

*** March 2: Death of Ben Wade.....Congressman White charged that the Government had been defrauded out of millions of dollars through the false appraisement of tin. Come down with the tin.....Anonymous letter-writer offered to clear up the mystery of the Annesley murder, committed in Camden, N. J., for $5,000. .....Schooner Virginia run into and sunk by the steamer Ruggles at the mouth of the Patapsco River, Md. Captain drowned, and 35,000 bushels of corn lost.....Collision on the Hudson-river Railroad at Tivoli Station. One man killed.....Treasurer of Metuchen, N. J., for parts unknown. Account $12,000 short. Small amount, but Methuchen is a small place.....Masked burglars in Somerville, N. J., driven away by a plucky woman.....Virginia General Assembly elected State officers.....Michael McAndrews hanged at Radersburg, Montana Ter.....City news: Skulls and jawbones and many other interesting things were dug up at the Centennial Exhibition; a Forty-sixth street lady fell through a coal-hole in a Forty-sixth street saloon led Michael Quinn to stab William Murphy with a dirk.....Two deaths in Jersey City from kerosene-lamp explosions.....Maria Pfeiffer, wife of a Nevada speculator, pleaded guilty in Brooklyn to numerous thefts.....By cable: The Silver Bill caused commotion among holders of U. S. securities in England; two members of the French Chamber of Deputies fought a duel; Victoria honored King Humbert with a complimentary letter.....Fires: West, Bradley & Cary's factory on West Twenty-ninth street, this city—loss $23,000; woolen mills at Rome City, Ind.—loss $53,000; dwelling at Fiske Landing, near Waterloo, Ill., a family of eight persons perishing.

*** March 3: By cable: Pope Leo XIII crowned in the Sistine Chapel at Rome—crowds broke the windows, which were illuminated for the occasion; peace treaty signed at San Stefano, the Grand Duke Nicholas announcing the fact to the soldiers; Gen. Grant arrived at Constantinople.....In the Dickey-Titus breach-of-promise and seduction case on trial in Cincinnati, a jury gave the plaintiff $6,000 damages.....Boston policeman severely beaten by burglars whom he attempted to arrest.....Wm. Pierson spent Sunday in reflecting that on April 19 he would die upon the scaffold at Geneseo, N. Y.....J. M. Reid, a Jamestown, N. Y., farmer, hanged himself in a corn-crib.....Thunder and lightning in Poughkeepsie.....Samuel Valentine, a Richmond, Va., mulatto, threw himself in front of a railroad train, and all because the girl he loved rejected his valentine.....Woman in the Baptist Church at Hamilton Square, N. J., rose up during the sermon and called the minister a liar.....City news: March's attempt to come in like a lion a lamentable failure; Mr. Peck, of tenement-house architecture, picked Mr. Anson's speech on the Excise Law to pieces—Mrs. Peck doesn't hide her light under a bushel; a rainbow, a month ahead of time; Joseph Kiselmark dangerously stabbed by a drunken stranger; body of Joseph B. Sheppard, a watchman, found in the East River; Peter Woods, leader of the "First-avenue gang," found suffering from a dangerous stabbing; Frank Lateo, an Italian ragpicker, shot in the eye by his roommate; Sarah Pierce jumped from a Grand-street ferryboat, but was rescued—this was Sarah's third attempt at suicide..... Margaret Tyceman of Brooklyn ended a long spree by taking laudanum.....Sarah Mulvey arrested in Jersey City on a charge of killing her infant child. The body was found in a pail under the bed.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

APARICIO, Martinez De—One of the few surviving heroes of Peruvian independence—Peru, Feb. 23.

ALSOP, Joseph W.—An old and representative merchant of this city. He established the well-known Middletown, Ct., house of Alsop & Chauncey, which opened also in this city in 1841. At the outbreak of the great California gold-fever Mr. Alsop associated with his partner and with the late William H. Aspinwall and Messrs. Barrett & Stevens in the formation of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Panama Railroad. Both he and the late Mr. Aspinwall were also directors in, as well as projectors of, the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and he was associated with Mr. Aspinwall as a receiver of that road, and acted in that capacity for some ten years. He was also at one time a director in the Illinois Central, from the stockholders of which he received a handsome testimonial in the shape of a very valuable silver service. He had not been engaged in business since 1863, and lived retired thereafter until his death, the old firm changing to Fabbri & Chauncey—this city, Feb. 26, aged 74.

ALDRIDGE, G. W.—A resident of Fredericksburg, Va. He died from injuries received in the recent accident on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad—Fredericksburg, Va., Feb. 27.

ANTIGNA, Joan Pierre Alexandre—A French artist of renown. He exhibited his first painting in 1841. Many of his works are in American collections—Paris, Feb. 28, aged 59.

ANDERSON, Larz—A prominent citizen of Cincinnati. He was active in charitable works, and was highly respected. He was a brother of Major Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter—Cincinnati, O., Feb. 26, aged 72.

BRIGHT, Richard—Conservative member of the English House of Parliament—East Devonshire, Eng., March 1.

BROWER, Calvin L.—A Methodist minister of Brooklyn, N. Y.—there, March 2, aged 24.

BUCKMINSTER, William J.—Son of the founder of *The Massachusetts Plowman*, and for twenty-one years one of its editors and publishers—Malden, Mass., March 2.

BONE, Mrs. J. H. A.—Wife of the long-time editor of *The Cleveland Herald*, and contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*. She was an educated and accomplished lady, but for many years had been afflicted with fits of melancholy. Suffering from one of these, she committed suicide by jumping into Lake Erie—Cleveland, O., Feb. 27, aged 45.

BYRNES, Charles—A patrolman on the police force of this city. He was attached to the Twelfth Precinct—here, Feb. 25.

BENEDICT, Arthur R.—Of the firm of Benedict, Hall & Co., this city. He was a brother of Mrs. Florence Johnson, the wife of the young man who attempted to murder her in Brooklyn last Spring. Benedict was highly connected, and a member of the Seventh Regiment—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 25, aged 24.

CHADSEY, Isaac G.—A resident of Philadelphia, and well known as the proprietor of numerous hotels—Philadelphia, Feb. 28, aged 71.

CURREY, Samuel—One of the oldest members of the Rhode Island bar. He had filled a number of public positions—Providence, R. I., Feb. 28.

DE FOREST, Robert W.—Highly-esteemed and eminent physician of this city. He came here in 1848, and at the time of his death had acquired a large practice—here, Feb. 26.

CONGREVE, Charles M.—Agent in this city for the Hematite Steel Company of London. He began business in New York in 1841. He was a liberal patron of the fine arts, and had owned a rare collection of water-color pictures. He drop

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 399.

"GEORGES LE MULATRE," a five-act drama by Chas. Garaud, was recently first performed at the Chateau d'Eau, Paris. The hero, a rich, intelligent mulatto, falls in love with Mlle. Sarah De Malmedie, a white, and his affection is returned by her. The scene is laid in one of the French West India Islands, we imagine. The girl's hand is refused to Georges, and a violent quarrel ensues between him and Sarah's cousin, Henri De Malmedie. To escape from the dishonor which his rival is preparing for him, the hero puts himself at the head of a negro revolt, and is taken, tried, and sentenced to death. Sarah chooses this supreme hour to wed, in spite of her relatives, the man she loves. But before the sentence on Georges can be carried into effect, indeed at the very last moment, his friend Pierre Munie arrives with his ship's crew, and rescues the heroic mulatto. This is a mere sketch of the plot of the drama, which contains no fewer than eight scenes.

THE VAUDEVILLE is the name chosen for the new theatre to be built in Manchester, Eng.

A THEATRICAL and variety entertainment for the benefit of the victims of the Russo-Turkish War was given at Alexandra Palace, London, Feb. 9.

IT IS REPORTED that next Christmas Miss Rosina will appear with the rest of the Vokes Family in pantomime at a London theatre.

TOBIAS JOHN BURKE, actor, died at Liverpool, Eng., Feb. 11.

THE AMATEURS' PANTOMIME at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Feb. 13, realized nearly £1,000. The professional ladies who took part—Miss Helen Barry, Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Lucy Buckstone and Mlle. Rosa—were each to receive an elegant gold bracelet as a memento of the occasion.

AT THE MEETING of shareholders of the Alhambra, London, it was elicited that upwards of 307,000 people had paid for admission during the last six months, and that the profit for the whole year was £7,250, and a dividend was declared at the rate of 10 per cent.

MISS HERBERT, after several years' retirement from the stage, was to play Lady Teazle at the Globe Theatre, London, Feb. 27, at a benefit for the Stafford House Fund.

MUSICAL.

M. PASDELOUP has addressed a letter to the French deputies, from which it appears that his Sabbath concerts are hardly the success they are reported to be. M. Pasdeloup wants a subvention of £1,000 a year, and says he carries on his concerts at a loss. His maximum receipts are £240, the expenses of an orchestral concert £186, and a choir of 140 voices costs £160 more per concert. M. Pasdeloup has popularized classical music in France, and he has brought out many young musicians. Notably, he twenty-seven years ago first introduced M. Gounod as a symphony writer to a Paris audience.

CARL ROSA'S COMPANY inaugurated what promises to be a successful season of English opera at the Adelphi Theatre, London, Feb. 11. "The Merry Wives" was the attraction, with Aynsley Cooke as Falstaff, Miss Julia Gaylord as Mrs. Ford, Miss Josephine Yorke as Mrs. Page, Miss Georgiana Burns as Anne Page, Mr. Ludwig as Ford, Mr. Snazelle as Page, and C. Lyall as Slender.

THE PERFORMING RIGHTS of the operas of the Fyne and Harrison repertory were disposed of by Frank Bodda, through Puttick & Simpson, auctioneers, London, Feb. 12. Although "Lurline" fetched £130, and "The Bohemian Girl" £160, Balfe's "Enchantress" (with the songs "My Task is Ended" and "Woman's Heart") and "The Daughter of St. Mark" (with "We May be Happy Yet") went for five guineas each. Still less fortunate were other numbers, for Benedict's "The Crusaders" went for a guinea, and Henry Leslie bought his own operetta, "The Romance," for two guineas. Balfe's "Maid of Artois," which contains "The Light of Other Days," did not get a bid. Alluding to the sale, *The Figaro* remarks: "Mr. Bodda loses a great deal of money by the sale, but it was money which was partly screwed out of the sick and the poor: blood-money which no man worthy of the name of man would care to take. To Mr. Bodda's high credit, be it remembered, that directly he became aware of the despicable traffic which was being carried on in his name was pointed out to him, he at once put a stop to it. In the second place, the thanks of the public are due to the music-publishers who have come forward to secure the rights and to keep them out of the hands of 'protection agents.'"

AN ATTEMPT to hiss down "Der Freischutz" at the Apollo of Rome has failed. The objectors to the music of Weber had it all their own way the first night, but afterwards the theatre was filled by people of more liberal views.

THE PARIS Theatre Lyrique (Gaite) was on Feb. 11 definitely closed by the bankruptcy of the manager, M. Vizentini. His debts, due solely to operatic losses, and despite his subvention, amount to 336,000 sterling. The debts were dismissed, and a liquidator was appointed.

NO FEWER THAN 420 choirs, in all 18,000 voices, from 80 departments of France, have entered for competition for the great prize for choral-singing at the Paris Exhibition, July 14, 16.

M. HALANZIER has been made an officer of the French Legion of Honor.

THE PROJECT for the completion of the new National Opera-house on the Thames Embankment has been definitely abandoned.

THE DIRECTION of the Cologne Theatre has called a meeting of German managers, to be held at Leipsic, the object being to combine for the purpose of putting an end to the suicidal competition for the services of popular stars, and to bind themselves not to pay more than a limited price for any artist.

OFFENBACH'S new opera-bouffe, to be played at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris, during the Exhibition, has been read, and the characters have been cast. Mme. Peschard will play Alvarez; Mlle. Paola Marie, Primoustjonne; Mlle. Girard, Leonora; Mlle. Humbert, Manuella; Daubray, Peronilla; Joly, Guardana; Troy, Ripardos; Minart, Don Henrique; Janin, 1er Juge; Chambery, 2e Juge; Pescheux, Le Notaire; and Montaubry, Fabrice. There are, besides, fourteen secondary roles. The libretto of the author of Mlle. Nitouche is still kept a profound secret, nor are the details of the plot as yet forthcoming, save the fact that the scene is laid in Spain. This is the last operabouffe in which Mme. Peschard will play at the Bouffes. After the new piece has run its course, this celebrated artist intends to resume the costume of her sex, and to play in serious parts only.

THERE is an outcry against the high prices of artists even in Paris, where vocalists' salaries are cut down almost to a minimum. Mlle. Albani takes £140 a night, and M. Capoul receives £60 a night; but the theatre cannot, they say, be opened with three stars at a less cost than £460 nightly, and the receipts will not stand it.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows concerning Madame Patti's doings at Naples, Italy: "Mme. Adelina Patti arrived in Naples about the middle of January, and was compelled, in consequence of the exorbitant charges, to change her hotels three times during the first three days. The first night she passed at the Hotel des Etrangers, and her bill the next morning was 300 francs. She then removed, but found the charges at the second hotel equally heavy. Certainly the little lady has given proof that she is not going to be imposed upon, or disposed to pay for comforts and services in proportion to what she obtains for her wonderful voice. The prices the Italians have put on the tickets during her engagement have been far beyond a joke. Besides paying three times the usual price, five francs must be paid on taking a ticket for any part of the house. The Italian—particularly the Neapolitans—are strange, revengeful people, and look on both sides of their 'browns' before parting with them. Such high prices are scarcely known in Naples, however good the singer; and I am sure there is an ill-feeling with the public, and I imagine all the hotel proprietors have agreed to de unto her as she does unto others. It is not yet known publicly if the high charges are through her unreasonable demands, or greediness on the part of the managers of the theatre. Some nights ago Patti sang in 'Il Barbiere di Seviglia;' she received 10,000 francs for each representation, about £400. The first night produced 31,000 francs at the doors, and the manager got 21,000 francs clear."

MLLE. MOISE, a danseuse at the Grand Opera, Paris, did not come to rehearsal, so M. Halanzier promptly dismissed her. She sued him for 6,000 francs penalty and 5,000 francs damages, but the manager won the day, and the ballerine had to pay the costs.

THOS. VALENTINE, composer and music-teacher, died Jan. 31, near Birmingham, Eng., aged 87.

W. KINGDON, violinist and vocalist, died Jan. 26, at Exmouth, Eng.

FRED G. LENG, musical director, died recently at Belfast, Ireland.

THE NEW Steinway Hall, London, transformed from the Quebec Institute into a spacious concert-hall, was opened by a recital, given on the Steinway piano, Feb. 16.

THE DEATHS are announced—at Milan, of Gianpiero Ricordi the tenor; at Trieste, of Cameroni, aged 72, vocalist and dancer; at Madrid, of Mme. Santoni, Marchioness of Zambecou, once a celebrated Italian opera vocalist; at Naples, of Mme. Olivier, mother of Mme. Leon Duval, late of Her Majesty's Theatre; at Turin, of Carlo Rossaro, opera composer; and at the Hague, of Charles van der Does, pianist to the King of Holland, aged 60.

M. CARVALHO, director of the Opera Comique, Paris, has gained an increase of £5,000 a year in his subvention.

A STRADIVARIUS was recently sold in Paris for £840.

"GEORGIE SWEET" is the nom de guerre of an American baritone singing at Ancona.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE GARETTA TROUPE at our last advices were performing in the Theatre du Boulevard, Copenhagen, Denmark.

HARRY AND LIZZIE BRAHAM, who sailed from Australia Dec. 22, 1877, in the steamship Hankow, arrived in England Feb. 12, 1878, after a passage of fifty-two days. En route they visited Ceylon, Aden, Malta and Gibraltar. They are to open in London shortly.

JOHN EVANS, professionally known as one of the Brothers Dugwar, died at Wigan, Eng., Feb. 9, aged 44.

MISS LIZZIE ELLIOTT of the Sisters Elliott, principal danseuses, was on Feb. 16 married to W. Brien, in London.

BILLY ASHCROFT, Hughson and Mack, Miss Ella Wesner, the Raynor Brothers, Thomas and Stewart Dare, Miss Minnie Loder, Prince Sadie D'Jahna, Reynolds and Romer and Miss Blanche Reynolds, J. B. Johnson, Joe Brown, Bryant and Raynor, Harper and Standill and Miss Jessie Merton, Levantine and Mason and Dixon are performing in the British provincial towns.

MISS BLANCHE STANLEY is singing and dancing at Forester's Hall, London.

CIRCUSES.

ALFRED CROWHURST, equestrian director at the Alexandra Palace, died in London Feb. 10, aged 33.

CHAS. WELDON'S new circus building, Nottingham, Eng., was to have been opened Feb. 23.

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Address Theatre Comique, Cleveland, for two weeks from March 11. Permanent address, 46 West Washington place, New York City.
TO MANAGERS OF NOVELTY THE

NEARER REST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

I can hear the sobbing river,
With its bright freight heavenward borne,
From the gray slope where I shiver,
Waiting for the tardy morn.
When this heart, for pity calling,
In a perfect rest shall lie,
Kiss me softly, softly, darling—
You will miss me by-and-bye.

Is it ended, life's brief story?
Am I near the golden shore?
I can almost see the glory
That shall fold me evermore;
I can almost grasp the blossoms
Waving 'neath a cloudless sky;
Press me closer to your bosom—
You will miss me by-and-bye.

Not again my heart will cherish
Love that only frets and grieves;
Not again will bright hopes perish
With the fall of Summer leaves!
Have the watchful angels found me?
Hear their white robes trailing nigh!
Closer fold your arms around me—
You will miss me by-and-bye.

Soon mine eyes, the night departing,
Shall with lasting slumber seal;
Ah! those bitter tears upstarting
Prove how deeply you can feel!
Feel, then, deeply in your pocket;
Useless are all regrets;
Lest my kindred raise a racket—
Try and pay my honest debts.

Bridgeport, Ct., 1878.

THE GREEN CURTAIN:
A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE PORTRAIT.

Among the passengers who passed out of the Grand Central Depot on the morning following the events of the last chapter, upon the arrival of one of the trains from the country, was a short and somewhat stout lady, closely veiled and dressed in dark colors. On the pavement she lingered for a few minutes, as if bewildered and uncertain where to go. Cabmen and 'busmen assailed her, and made hospitable offers to take her anywhere she might desire; but it seemed presently that she preferred to walk. Evidently she did not know the city very well. Along Fourth avenue she proceeded, stopping at all the crossing streets and looking up and down, and once she ventured, after a little inward debate, to speak to a policeman.

She asked a curious question: "Which was the principal theatre in New York?"

The officer eyed her with some astonishment. She certainly did not look like an actress. But civilly he mentioned a very well-known establishment, to which he directed her, suggesting the street-cars. She thanked him, but declined his suggestion, and continued her way on foot. This lady was Madame Randoce.

The reader will recollect her promise to her husband never to speak to him of his secret again. That promise she gave in good faith. But she was also determined to discover that secret, and, he now being away upon one of his periodical journeys, she had come to New York alone upon a daring mission. Her intention was to have a personal interview with Armand Foinard, who held her husband in his power.

She knew that M. Foinard was in some way connected with the theatres. To find him, then, must be an easy task. Since she did not know the city, she preferred to avoid the street-cars, which might, she thought, take her entirely out of her latitude and lose her. It was a most fatiguing walk for the poor woman, unaccustomed to pavements, to the theatre mentioned by the policeman, which was situated not very far from Union square. Entering this establishment, she went to the window and tapped gently on the sill. Some gentlemen, among them Buzenval the dramatist, were seated in the box-office, smoking and commenting on something which one of them had just read in a newspaper he held before him.

"Is there a gentleman connected with this theatre named Armand Foinard?" asked Madame Randoce.

At the name of Foinard the gentlemen all looked at one another with astonishment, and one of them, rising, approached the window with that elegant simper which he always wore in the presence of ladies. He could not tell through the brown veil whether this lady were old or young; but he said that M. Foinard would probably be found at the Vaudeville. He was a little curious, and tried to detain Madame Randoce; for, in fact, Mr. Gloss had just read aloud the strange affair in which M. Foinard had figured the night before at the "Mansion of Momus," and the apparition of this mysterious lady with the veil on might, he suspected, be an element of fresh interest. But Madame Randoce thanked him and hastily withdrew, and as she went on her way all the gentlemen in the box-office came to the front steps of the theatre and stared curiously after her. Mr. Buzenval seemed particularly interested. Romance in real life had a natural fascination for the eminent dramatist. Another long walk through the ceaseless throng on Broadway brought Madame Randoce finally to the Vaudeville. Some of the actors and other employes were lounging about the building with that restlessness which marks theatrical people in daytime, and the lady again inquired for M. Foinard. Here likewise the mention of this name caused her to be curiously stared at. A gentleman offered to inquire if he were in the house, and disappeared, returning presently with this information:

"Mr. Foinard is in the manager's private office, madame. He begs to see your card."

She had none, but sent her name instead. In a few moments the manager returned with a grave and puzzled face, and reported that Mr. Foinard was closely engaged, and could see no one. The gentleman watched her with most singular attention, respectful, but peculiar.

"But I should so like to see him," pleaded poor madame, who felt much embarrassed. "It is upon business of the utmost importance. You will have my profoundest gratitude, sir, if you will tell him so."

Her obliging new acquaintance bowed and vanished as before, and in a little while once more came back. His countenance this time had an extremely serious look.

"Mr. Foinard regrets extremely, but he has not time to see anyone."

"I will not detain him five minutes."

"He peremptorily declines, I am sorry to say, madame," answered the gentleman who had shown such good nature, which, however, was now perhaps beginning to be exhausted.

"Did you give him my name?"

"I did, madame—and—and—pardon me, but that is what appeared to determine him not to see you. He was unmistakably annoyed, and even enraged."

"Indeed!" said madame haughtily. "I am deeply indebted to you, sir. I shall now force my way to the room where he is, and he *shall* see me."

She slipped by the gentleman, and so into the lobby of the house, where she met a man in his shirt-sleeves, who directed her to the manager's private office. It was easily found. With a beating heart she knocked at the door. Mr. Bulmer opened it, and at the instant he caught sight of the female figure he stood in the aperture obstructing Madame Randoce's entrance.

"Monsieur Foinard is within?" she said resolutely.

"He will see no one," said Bulmer testily. "Did he not send you word? You can't come in."

He very rudely closed the door in the poor lady's face, and was heard to spring the latch on the inside. Mr. Bulmer had a bad temper, which betrayed him into ungentlemanly acts sometimes, and he didn't care a farthing what people thought of him.

So now, thus inhospitably treated, very much provoked and very much hurt, and on the point of tears, Madame Randoce lingered at the door and debated.

How unjust was this seclusion! Whatever he secret this M. Foinard held over her husband, he should not have refused her a hearing. All her obstinacy was aroused. Here was this unjust man in a manner entrapped. "While I stay he cannot come out," she reflected, and immediately the good lady prepared to bivouac and lay siege until the garrison should capitulate. After about fifteen minutes the door was unlocked within and Mr. Bulmer came rapidly out, with a bundle of papers in his hand, so much preoccupied that he did not see Madame Randoce, and ran plump into her.

"Oh! I beg pardon," he said hastily. "What, madame, you again!" he exclaimed on recognizing her.

"Yes, sir, I—and here I intend to remain until I have had an interview with M. Foinard," she answered resolutely.

"Madame, he is gone long ago," returned the manager, beginning to be a little amused.

She shook her head.

"I have been here, and he could not get out without my seeing him."

"Do you suppose, my good creature," said Mr. Bulmer, throwing the door open to its widest extent, and revealing the interior of the room, "that a theatrical manager's private office has but one means of exit? The theatrical manager is marked out by a cruel providence to be the prey of creditors, duns, embryo actors and playwrights, people seeking admission-orders, and a thousand other bores of all kinds. What would his life be worth had his office only the one door? Madame, my friend Foinard did not wish to see you. He told me so, without adding his reason, and so I did not let you come in. I supposed you had gone; but he, it appears, knew you better, and therefore retreated by a secret passage which leads to the street. He is gone, I assure you, and for what I know to the contrary may by this time be in—in the State of Connecticut."

"Why does he avoid me?" she exclaimed, beginning to cry, to the horror of Mr. Bulmer, who had had experience in his day with crying women.

"I don't know. Perhaps he owes you some money."

"No; I have never seen him in my life," she sobbed; "but he is doing a most unjust thing to run away from me in this manner."

The manager was nearly frantic. No one could tell how long this sort of thing might continue. He determined to get rid of his encumbrance by the only means left. Foinard was, it is true, his friend; but friendship has its limits, and he resolved to betray M. Foinard.

"Madame, why do you not seek M. Foinard at his own house? You will most probably find him there, and if not you will at least see his wife, which may be as well."

"Where does he reside, sir?" tearfully inquired Madame Randoce, her spirits brightening perceptibly.

So, not without an inward twinge of conscience at his own perfidy, Mr. Bulmer gave his friend's address, and had the satisfaction of seeing his unwelcome visitor turn to leave the theatre and go to it without delay.

He walked with her along the lobby, chatting agreeably, and saw her safely into the street.

Another long walk was before her, and her head and limbs ached, and she felt bewildered. "How little sympathy there is to be found in a great city," she thought. "Everybody is in a hurry—hearts are hard as the stones in the street." In this we know she was a little unjust.

But on she went, still afraid to trust herself to a public vehicle, although she watched them with longing eyes as they rattled past. They were all crowded, and the people in them and the drivers looked reserved and selfish and indifferent to any concerns but their own. At last, after a tedious walk and much inquiry, she found the street and the house where M. Foinard resided. The dwelling, as we know, stood a little back from the pavement, and the small garden was protected by a railing. Mme. Randoce, ready to sink with weariness, opened the gate and went up the brick path to the door. She asked first for M. Foinard; but he was not in. Then for Madame Foinard; but the reply came that she was too ill to see strangers. Madame Randoce had now reached her last hope, and was not to be baffled.

"Tell Madame Foinard," she said, "that I come to see her upon business of the utmost consequence to her, and if she declines to see me she may some day have reason to regret it."

The return message was an invitation to go into the parlor: "Madame Foinard, although quite ill, would, in view of the urgency of the message, consent to see the lady."

So Mme. Randoce gained her point, and was shown into the handsome parlor, where the servant left her. The interval of waiting she passed in inspecting the decorations of the room. Some twenty minutes passed. When Rose, who had actually left her bed to grant this interview, entered the parlor, she was surprised to find no one there. She was about to go in search of the servant to rate her for allowing an impostor to thus come in and make free with what could be carried off, when she saw something lying on the floor, directly under the portrait of Mons. Foinard. It was Mme. Randoce, who was lying there in a swoon. Rose rang the bell and summoned help, and then the poor woman was lifted up and restoratives administered, but for some time ineffectually. When, at length, she came to, she moaned perpetually:

"The secret! The secret! The secret!"

CHAPTER XV.—THE CHALLENGE.

The extraordinary scene which ended Mandolini's act at the "Mansion of Momus" on the evening of M. Foinard's visit naturally threw the audience into a state of the wildest excitement and alarm. Zephyrini was at once taken to the rear of the stage and a physician procured, who, after a brief examination, pronounced her wound by no means dangerous, and before the conclusion of the entertainment she had sufficiently recovered to reappear before the multitude as assurance of the fact. The police entered M. Foinard's box and found him supporting his wife, who had swooned. Smiling, but pale, he related, plausibly enough, how his revolver had, in removing it from one portion of his clothing to another, accidentally exploded. After seeing his wife and Miss North home in the carriage, he accompanied the officers to the police-station, where, very collectedly, he repeated his story. There was nothing incredible about it. People will carry revolvers in public places, and revolvers will sometimes accidentally do mischief. The practice is reprehensible; but who is willing to go unarmed by night about a city like New York? M. Foinard urged a very reasonable defense. His business kept him out very late every night, and once or twice returning home he had been followed by suspicious persons, and had even on one occasion been attacked. It was therefore nothing more than common prudence to carry, after dark, some means of self-protection. As for Zephyrini, with whom he had only the slightest acquaintance, he was willing to pay all expenses consequent upon the injury in involuntary carelessness had caused her. So M. Foinard was released, and next day the newspapers contained very sensational accounts of the accident; but still there were some suspicious people who shook their heads over these reports, and said, with much meaning, though vaguely, that it was "very odd."

M. Foinard, at home once more, after leaving the police-station, did not go to his bed. His servant heard him pacing the floor till daybreak. At breakfast he ate nothing, but drank a cup of very strong coffee, made still stronger with brandy. He dressed himself with unusual care, and, after reading the papers, went out.

In his night-march in his room he had made up his mind. His wife's perfidy he doubted no longer. The cunning test he had tried had given confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ. He had doubted—here was evidence—trumpet-tongued and damnable—away henceforth with love or jealousy! He went directly to the theatre. Some slight changes in the current drama were being rehearsed, and most of the people were about, and at M. Foinard's appearance he was surrounded and plied with questions regarding the affair of the preceding evening; but he smilingly pooh-poohed all inquiries, all the while keeping a sharp eye for the appearance of someone he was particularly anxious to see.

Leslie Thorne entered the theatre from the front and came through to the stage by one of the lower boxes. At the instant he set foot on the stage, standing in the left-hand corner in the listless attitude of a man who is not pressed for time, M. Foinard approached him quickly and, clutching a light cane he held in his hand hard until it quivered, raised it and struck Leslie across the face. The younger man fell back. A huge red welt instantly showed itself on his cheek. For a second he was blinded by the intense pain. Then, recovering himself, he seized his assailant and grappled with him, and now it appeared a very unpleasant fracas was about to ensue. The struggle did not last long. The two men were separated by the spectators, and Leslie said breathlessly:

"I shall kill you for this!"

Foinard smiled derisively.

"That is what I desire you to try," he said; "but I must have my chance also."

His purpose in the assault was now apparent—he wished to precipitate a duel.

"I don't mean to make myself ridiculous by challenging you, sir," returned Leslie, wiping away the blood, which now began to trickle down his face. "There are other methods of gaining perfect satisfaction, as you will find."

"Yes; you might assassinate me," laughed the Frenchman, turning to the others; "or hand me over to the police. I do not know which is the preferred method among prudent gentlemen of your stamp. I think it proper to warn you, however, that I intend to give you a drubbing with my stick whenever you come where I am."

Leslie, though much incensed, still succeeded in controlling himself.

"You cannot reasonably expect me to engage in a duel," he now retaliated. "I dread ridicule much more than a pistol, even in the hands of a dead-shot like yourself; and the morning after our affair we should figure anything but pleasantly in every newspaper from Maine to California. I own to a very great terror of that, sir."

"You are a poitroon, Mr. Thorne—no one, I suppose, now doubts that."

He turned away coolly, with a short laugh of contempt even more irritating than his words.

"Stop, sir," said Leslie, his resolution changing that very instant. "Since you desire it so much, I shall make a fool of myself and give you your shot. You, as the challenged party, I believe, have the right to name the time and place. You have forced me to this, and I may as well tell you that one of us at least will not leave that field alive."

"Rest assured upon that point," said Foinard icily.

Leslie now left the group, and, calling a carriage, was taken directly to his rooms. M. Foinard sought out Mr. Bulmer in his private office, where, as we know, he had the little episode later with the persistent Madame Randoce. Leslie Thorne, now quite alone in his handsome apartments, having done what was necessary for the wound across his face, began to weigh very calmly his position. He had committed himself to fight this duel, and there was no retreat. Hit or miss, live or die, in the encounter, he would be ridiculed. That result he accepted. But it should not be said that he did not try to kill the fool who had so grossly insulted him. He must find, first of all, a "friend." Who so valuable as O'Grady? In his day, on the other side of the water, the Irishman had figured in one or two affairs of this sort, and was well up in the code and all things pertaining to meetings of honor. So a messenger was despatched with an urgent communication to the journalist, who speedily appeared. Gravely he listened to Leslie's account of the fracas at the theatre with pressed lips and downcast frown. When the narrative was finished he reflected a moment and said:

"After all, I don't see that it will be so ridiculous. Pity the code does not allow a fist-fight—you would in five minutes give him the thorough hiding he deserves. But, that being out of the question, you accept the only alternative remaining. Some people may laugh, but there's not one who will not in his secret heart admire your courage, for I can tell you it is no child's play to stand up before a pistol in the hands of a man like Foinard, who can extinguish a candle at the length of this room. He will wing you as sure as fate, if nothing worse."

"I assure you, O'Grady, it will sound silly enough, I dare say; but I don't care if he knocks me over for good. I am pretty well tired of everything."

"Now, that's nonsense," said the journalist. "Life has a great deal in store—new pleasures for every year, if you live to be ninety, although there are pains too; but with a wise man they are in the minority. At present you are making yourself miserable about a pretty woman who ought to be nothing to you. Upon that folly I have already lectured you, and shall say no more. In a few years, if M. Foinard does not give the undertaker a job, you will see this period of your existence through a totally different pair of spectacles. Like me, *then*, you will comprehend to some extent, and for the first time, why you were born. It is a problem that has puzzled several schools of philosophy, but the one to which I belong has solved it. Man, sir, was not born to make love, to make war, to study the planets (which do not concern him), to penetrate Africa or the North Pole, to dabble in chemistry; man was born to dine. The catechism says *die*, but it's a misprint; he was born to *dine*. But he must be forty before he has the least conception of what constitutes dining. At fifty he is a clever amateur, at sixty a master. A proper series of dinners will have brought at sixty his digestive powers to perfection. He will then see with a celestial vision the meaning of our life upon this earth, and will smile over his wine at the theologians, scientists and other dreamers about him, who are still groping in the dark."

"But, my dear O'Grady," interrupted Leslie, "that may be all very true; but you wander from the point. If M. Foinard carries out his amiable intentions to-morrow, perhaps I shall have no occasion to dine—a certain convocation of politic worms may be dining upon me."

O'Grady shook his massive head.

"True; I had nearly forgotten; my favorite theme carries me away. Well, I suppose we must await a message from M. Foinard's representative. My idea is to settle the business without delay. I should even suggest to-morrow morning."

Leslie felt an awkward thump at his heart as his friend named so early a time.

"To-morrow would suit me," he said quietly, "as well as a week hence. I hate suspense. Where?"

"'I know a bank where the wild thyme grows,'" replied Mr. O'Grady musingly. "It is not far from New York—desolate as Crusoe's island. The daybreak express would take us there in an hour."

"And a surgeon. Can we trust *any* one? I should hate to be stopped by the police. The thing must have already spread over town—in the clubs and restaurants and counting-houses—such news sweeps like a hedge-fire. A great many talkative people witnessed the assault this morning, and their tongues have not been idle since, rest assured."

"No doubt. Well, I had better see Foinard, if possible, and ask to be put in communication with his friend," said the journalist, rising.

"Do so. I wish to get it over quickly as possible," answered Leslie, rising also and taking his hand. "I stipulate nothing, but leave all to you."

They exchanged a kindly farewell for the time, each thinking more highly of the other than he had ever thought before, as people do in times of crisis and danger, and O'Grady with a thoughtful countenance went away.

That afternoon all was arranged. Mr. O'Grady and a certain M. Paul De Latour of *The Courrier* dined together. De Latour was a tall, fierce-looking gentleman with a high forehead and wild waving hair brushed back and behind his ears, and an aquiline nose and large, lurid eyes. He was an intimate friend of De Cassagnac, and entertained all that gentleman's theories upon the subject of honorable encounters.

Over the dinner, which was a good one, everything was duly settled. Next morning would do admirably, since the police would not suspect the affair to come off so soon after the provocation, and the place suggested by O'Grady was also satisfactory—the thus, as early as the principals could get there. Very comfortable these gentlemen made themselves around their wine, burning that incense which usually follows the sacrifice, exchanging reminiscences. M. De Latour had been in two or three dozen affairs, as either principal or second, and carried a ball in his hip as a memento of one chilly morning's work at Boulogne. He narrated some savage anecdotes, such as a little upset even the hardened nerves of his listener. He told about two brothers who had fought with butcher knives, in the style of M. Dumas, and hacked each other to death—all for a woman, who, having ruined both, had bribed an agent to bring them together. This rather grisly conversation lasted until it was time for these gentlemen to report to their principals. M. De Latour, with many expressions of warm friendship for his fellow-journalist, went off first to find an older acquaintance of his—Doctor Wessenberg, an Alsatian, whose services would also be required on the morrow. So now O'Grady went back to Leslie and reported all that had passed. The younger man listened with a melancholy smile.

"I owe you everything, my dear fellow," he said, shaking the other's hand. "If I die, I shall have at least the satisfaction of knowing that all things were done decently and in order. Spend an hour with me, and then leave me to myself. I have some things to pack, and letters to write, and other matters to look after. We will have some whiskey-punch, if you like."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

I cannot sing that song to-night,
For every word new pain would bring
To this poor heart, so restless still;
Then ask, oh! ask me not to sing.

For music has no longer charms,
Sad memories only round me cling
At every well-known air I hear;
Then ask, oh! ask me not to sing.

Those lips may sing who wear bright smiles—
To me sad tears alone belong;
See, even now they dim my sight—
Then ask me not to sing that song.

AN ARTIFICIAL VOICE.

Any man who is dissatisfied with his voice can become an orchestra, with woods, brasses, strings and a big drum, if he likes. In September of last year Dr. Foulis of Glasgow found himself under the necessity of proposing the complete removal of the larynx of one of his patients. The man consented, chiefly with the view of escaping the lingering death which threatened him. It was accordingly done; and now at the end of four months a fair share of health has been regained, the windpipe and other parts implicated have healed so as to admit of the introduction of voice tubes, and the man has been shown at the University and before some of the scientific societies of Glasgow, where the professors and others were enabled to satisfy themselves of the reality of his speaking powers. For the sake of easy adjustment it consists of two tubes, which are placed in the wound separately, and fitted to each other by slipping the lower a little way into the upper one. A framework holding a vibrating reed is passed into a hole in the front of this tube, like a drawer into its grooves. When pushed home the reed plate slopes downwards, and the current of air from the lungs, impinging upon its free end, throws it into vibration. The continuous musical note is thus produced, which becomes modulated into vowels, consonants and words by the action of the mouth. All the reeds remain silent in ordinary breathing. The vowels are perfectly clear and distinct, both in whispering with the reed out and in intoning with the reed in the tube, proving that the vowels are the product of changes in the shape of the mouth-cavity, and not formed by alterations of the glottis. The question of the reeds to be used was one of much interest. The first tried in Glasgow was of brass. Experiments have shown, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, that many other materials, such as ivory, horn, cane, silver, or steel, will answer the purpose, and the patient, who is an ingenious mechanic, amuses himself in fitting them up. He has thus a variety of voices at command, and with one of his reeds, made of vulcanite, can positively roar. The softest and most natural notes are given by the non-metallic reeds; but the richest tone comes from a reed composed of an alloy of silver and brass.

MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Month whom nobody praises,
Boisterous, blustering, blue, March,
Here's a poor rhymster who raises
His voice in honor of you, March;
What if no buttercups, daisies
Nor mignonette ever yet grew, March,
Under thy skies of leaden,
Of deaden and desolate hue, March?
Facing thy blasts is sport while it lasts
To those who're brave and true, March.
Volumes of verse have been written
On May—presumably arch—
But never a poet was smitten
By thine Amazon beauties, O March!
And yet, though thy face is frost-bitten,
And you sometimes have taken the starch
Entirely out of me, March,
I never will give you the mitten,
For spite of your name and leonine fame
You are better than any mere kitten!
Not weavers of verses Byronic,
Who scoff at the grandeur of toil,
Can take thy sharp air as a tonic—
Their hope is in cod-liver oil;
Not girls, whose faces are mealy,
Whose waists are wasted in stays,
Find aught in thy presence to praise;
But the maidens who follow out freely
Great Nature's infallible ways—
Ah, them thy chilling breath braces,
And a walk on thy blustering days
Adds freshness to all their fair graces,
Brings rich color into their faces,
Brightens their eyes and sets their blood flowing
Like wine through their veins while high winds are blowing.
Month whom nobody praises,
This song is written for you, March.
Enough of sunshine and daisies—
You nourish the strong and the true, March.
Let the weak singers then sigh on,
Their sonnets on May are a sham, March;
What is the roar of a lion,
If it ends in the bleat of a lamb, March!

HOW SHE WAS WRONGED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. A. E. DUNSPAUGH.

Sunset after a Summer shower. A brilliant rainbow spanned the misty gray of the eastern sky, while, in the west, the setting sun looked forth from a gorgeous drapery of crimson and purple and gold, and lighted a tiny taper in each of the myriad crystal drops that hung pendant from the quivering leaves. The birds twittered and carolled their vesper songs, and the breezes swung the incense-cups of the flowers till the air was redolent with sweet perfumes and balmy scents.

On the vine-wreathed piazza of a pretty house in a suburban town a young girl stepped forth and stood gazing at the glorious scene, drinking in the freshened air, like a young goddess quaffing nectar. A sweet, fair face was hers, with a halo of rippling, golden hair, that clustered in tiny rings above the pearly forehead, and fell in glittering ringlets below her slender waist; dewy, hazel eyes of velvet softness, a small Grecian nose, and a very rosebud mouth; the faint flush in the softly rounded cheeks came and went with every passing emotion in roseate shadows; her slight form seemed yet slighter from the sable garments she wore.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed—"too beautiful to be enjoyed in solitude," and she turned as if to summon someone from the house, but checked herself as she saw a light carriage draw up at the gate. A gentleman sprang quickly out, and, joining her, began talking in a low, hurried tone. She listened eagerly, but ever and anon glanced furtively around as if fearing interruption, which was not long in coming, for presently a fairy-like little form, clad in white, with a sash of bridal hues, darted from the door, and, with a glad cry of "Papa, papa!" sprang into the gentleman's arms. Giving the little one a kiss and a toss, he turned to the lady who followed the child; she gave a curious, half puzzled glance at the young lady, who strolled away to the farther end of the piazza, lightly humming a snatch of song, then advanced to her husband, with an open letter in her hand, saying:

"See, dear, this letter which I received from Julia this afternoon. She wants me to come and pass the day with her, to aid and advise her in the preparations for her sister's wedding, which takes place next week. I think I must go to morrow, and stay until the next day with her. She writes very flatteringly of my taste and skill in such affairs; see."

As she looked up suddenly from her search in the letter to point out the paragraph she wished him to read, she was certain she saw a meaning glance pass between her husband and that innocent-faced girl. What did it all mean—for she had witnessed their meeting through a half-closed blind on her way to the door. While her husband is looking over the letter we will introduce our characters a little more explicitly.

Dr. Edgar Gleason was a physician with a large practice; tall, splendidly proportioned, with a handsome, noble face, whose eyes of deepest blue always lighted up with a smile, before you noticed it in any other feature, he was a man who drew attention, and won friends everywhere. Five years previous to the opening of our story he had wedded Edith Gray, then a lovely girl of eighteen, who now stood beside him a magnificently developed woman, a regal, brunette beauty. In the second year of their wedded life the velvet touch of a baby's fingers bound their hearts yet more firmly together, and filled to the brim their cup of blissful contentment.

Lucille Etheredge, the fair-haired girl before alluded to, had been an inmate of this happy home for three months; she was the daughter of an old college chum of Dr. Gleason, who, dying, left her and an adopted son, Herbert Sinclair, to the doctor's guardianship.

While Lucille was relating to little Fay the old legend about the pots of gold that are waiting for a lucky finder just where the ends of the rainbow touch the earth, of course inspiring that young lady with a desire to go and find them, the little group was augmented by the appearance of Herbert, a tall, slender youth, with pale face and deep-set gray eyes. He was the son of an old friend of Lucille's mother, and, being left an orphan in his infancy, had been adopted by Mr. Etheredge at his wife's desire. He was now studying medicine with Dr. Gleason, and appeared so absorbed in the discussion he had chanced upon that Lucille declared that the reason why he talked so little was because he had brooded over Latin prescriptions till he had almost forgotten any other form of language. But Edith shrewdly suspected that the love he bore Lucille was much warmer than a brotherly affection, and that his moody reticence and devotion to his studies were the results of his knowledge of the hopelessness of that passion.

"Shall you take Fay with you to-morrow, Edith?" asked the doctor as he finished the perusal of the letter.

"I hardly intended to," she replied, "for it is really more a visit of business than of pleasure, and she would be something of a hindrance to me. Don't you think you could take charge of her, Lucie, till I get back?"

"Why, yes, Edith, I could; but ——" with a strange hesitation and confusion, "I had planned something for to-morrow—that is—I ——"

"Oh, in that case I will take her with me," answered Edith, pained and surprised at Lucille's manner, for she had always appeared devoted to Fay, who was really a very sweet, tractable child.

"I think it will be the better plan," said the doctor; "if she is a little in the way, your mind will be at ease about her, and so you can give your attention more fully to your friend's plans."

A summons to the tea-table at this juncture settled the question for the time, though an unpleasant impression lingered in Edith's mind as a result of the discussion.

Early the next morning Edith and Fay started on their journey, their destination being about thirty miles distant. About half the distance had been traversed when the train came to a standstill, and soon it was known throughout the car that they were just behind a scene of disaster. A train had been thrown off the track, and there would be no passage over the road for several hours. So Edith concluded to go back; but a weary season of waiting intervened before the train was made up for the return trip, and to that interval she fell to thinking of the incidents of the day before. Again and again she found her thoughts dwelling on that low-voiced conversation she had witnessed between her husband and Lucille; and whens he strove to banish that from her mind, it was only to remember the strange reluctance of the latter to take charge of Fay, and the unusual willingness of her husband to have the child leave home. Edith was a woman of singularly pure and noble character, but, unknown to all save herself, there lurked deep in her heart the serpent jealousy. It was a taint inherited from a Spanish mother, and the many wretched scenes witnessed by Edith in her childhood, the undeserved unhappiness it had caused her father, had taught her to guard against being ruled by the foible. In the happy years of her wedded life no cause had arisen, and she thought the serpent dead; but the bitter feeling that stirred in her heart now told her that it still lived, though she strove to crush it.

Arrived at the town in the suburbs of which she lived, she strove to divert her thoughts by a round of calls and shopping, so that the day was nearing its close when they reached their home again; the weather was sultry, and Fay was thirsty and begged her mother to go in by the rear door, so that she could get a drink at once. Edith complied, and leaving Fay in the kitchen in care of the maid-of-all-work, who was delighted to see her little pet back again, she passed up the stairs leading from the basement. As she came near the door of the pretty parlor a murmur of voices came to her ear, and, glancing in through the half-open door, she involuntarily paused as she saw Lucille seated on a low ottoman before a large easy-chair, in which, though its back was towards her, she could see that her husband was seated, for the shoulder and arm that she could see were covered by his dressing-gown, and the tones of his voice were too dear and well known to her for her to mistake them, and these were the words that voice was speaking:

"Life seems to hold many blessings for me, but if the love, the whole heart, of Lucille is denied me, it will be but a barren, desert forevermore."

The words, though spoken in a low tone, seemed to pierce her brain, and, with wildly dilating eyes, she saw that face, with its aurora-like, flickering color, and its rapt, blissful expression, sink upon the arm of the chair, while the waves of rich crimson surged over it till the bright shower of rippling golden hair swept down over it and hid it from her brain. She rose and went to the window, and sat there hoping to gather a little strength from the soft kiss of the gentle breeze upon her throbbing temples. Scarcely a minute had passed, when her husband drove up to the gate; as he sprang out of the chaise, he glanced up at her window and turned pale as he caught sight of the ghastly, sunken face framed in by the casement.

"He hoped to find me dead," muttered Edith, and, crossing the room as quickly as she could, she locked the door, feeling that she could not endure the hypocritical kindness he would probably show; but to her surprise he seemed to be lingering outside. Going again to the window, the cause of his delay was seen to be Lucille. "I might have known!" she murmured as she watched them. Lucille was in walking costume, and had evidently arrived at the gate just as the doctor reached it. Edith could hear nothing they said, but both were evidently agitated; but a moment passed, when the doctor, with a gesture towards the window of his wife's room, passed through the gate and entered the house, while Lucille turned and walked rapidly away in the direction from which she had come. Moved by another impulse, Edith unlocked the door and awaited her husband's approach. He entered hurriedly, and, approaching her, would have taken her hand, but she drew it away, and with flashing eyes bade him not to touch her.

Surprised, and evidently startled, he gently asked:

"What do you mean, Edith? Why do you repulse me?"

"Don't mock me!" she exclaimed. "Ask your own heart. I know all! Your guilty love; your attempt on my life! Don't touch me; don't strive to play the hypocrite longer with me; I have seen through your mask all too plainly!"

His face turned white even to his lips.

"My God!" he groaned, "this is too horrible!"

"What? That your sin has found you out so soon? That I am not dead as you hoped to find me? You could have spared your soul that stain and yet been rid of me; for, had I not swallowed that wellnigh fatal draught, I should have left this house forever ere this. You need not fear for your wretched life. I shall not denounce to the law the father of my child; but if the grave you dug for me now yawned between us, we could not be more effectually divided than we are now. Oh, this terrible weakness! God grant me strength, only strength to leave this accursed house!"

"Edith," the doctor said, in a quiet but firmer tone than he had yet used, "if you wish for strength you must cease to exhaust yourself thus. Endeavor to calm yourself; when you have rested and regained your strength you shall act your own pleasure. Undress now and go to bed." He paused and listened as the voices of Lucille and Herbert were heard in the hall below, they having just entered the house. "I must go downstairs now," he resumed; "but I will send Lucille up to attend to your wants."

Like a lioness at bay she turned upon him.

"Send that girl into this room and she will never leave it alive! For my child's sake I would keep my hands from the stain of murder; but beware how you insult me too deeply!"

"Merciful Heaven!" he muttered, "was ever man in such a strait?" At that moment the grinding of a carriage-wheel was heard as it turned and then paused in front of the house. He gave a despairing glance out of the window, but a gleam of relief crossed his face as he saw who was alighting. "Edith," he said, "Julia has come to you, as you did not succeed in reaching her; you will let her come up, will you not?"

"Yes, gladly," she replied—"my old, tried, true friend. Her kind face will be a relief in the midst of these hypocritical masks."

He hurried down, and, welcoming the newcomer, endeavored to give her in a few words some idea of the strange state of affairs in the house. Luckily, she was just the woman for such an emergency; possessed of rare good sense, and not given to "nerves;" a Heaven-sent help she seemed to the harassed doctor as well as to Edith, who gave herself up to her ministrations at once, and would have told all her bitter story too, but Julia bade her hold her peace till she had calmed her mind by sleep, declared that she understood it all, and had the best plan in the world in view to settle it all, which she would only reveal to her after she had slept. She prepared a sedative with her own hands, and vouched for its harmless qualities, and soon the wearied, half-maddened woman was slumbering as peacefully as an infant. When she awoke the dim, spectral light of early dawn was just beginning to show itself in the room. As consciousness returned, a faint murmur she had first heard broke into words in Julia's voice:

"Poor Herbert! It seems like consigning him to a living tomb."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "it is sad indeed; but my anxiety for Edith has prevented my realizing the misery of his situation as I should otherwise have done."

"When did you say you first noticed his aberration?"

"I can scarcely say I had noticed it at all, for I knew nothing of his having a tendency to madness; but Lucille has been watching him anxiously for some time, she tells me, as her mother had told her of several cases of insanity in the family. Yesterday her suspicions were confirmed by his strange mutterings and gestures when he thought himself alone. I was away till late in the afternoon; when I returned, Lucille met me at the gate and said she had just left him in a very excited state, and begged me to go with her to get him home. The intelligence of his insanity alarmed me, but I had just caught a glimpse of my wife's haggard face at her window, and was so full of anxiety on her account that I could not leave till I had seen her. Imagine my horror, when, on my approaching her, she assailed me with the wildest accusations, and was plainly completely out of her mind. For a moment I was utterly bewildered. What Herbert's plan in I knew I ought to see him, but I dared not leave her. Heaven sent you just then, or I know not what I should have done." A pause, and then he continued: "Edith's birthday will be passed very differently from what I had planned. Your letter arrived just in the nick of time to take Edith away, so as to enable me to make some preparations here at home without her knowledge; but you placed Lucille in an awkward position by forgetting to ask Fay to come too; of course her sharp eyes and ears had to be disposed of."

"Why were you going to make a surprise of his birthday-party?"

"Because she never could be persuaded to give a party in her own honor, having an idea that it savored of self-conceit. Well, all my secret plotting and planning with Lucille to arrange this party have come to naught, I must countermand the invitations by the first mail; but I hope she will be sufficiently recovered to receive my gift."

"That lovely set of rubies ought to cure her, or she is no woman. But I can't get Herbert out of my mind; his affliction must be a sad blow to Lucille, when she has no relatives living, and seemed to feel a truly sisterly affection for him."

"Yes, it is hard for her; but, most opportunely, she has just formed a new relationship. She is very lately betrothed to a most estimable gentleman, one whom her father highly esteemed, received a letter from him asking my sanction as her guardian to his addresses the day Edith started on her proposed visit to you. I have had no chance to tell her of it as yet, for I had only just read the letter to Lucille, and learned that she was favorably inclined towards the writer, when I was summoned away, and have had scarcely a moment for rational conversation with my wife since. I almost dread to have her wake, for fear some terrible consequences may develop themselves. Lucille tells me she is confident that Herbert substituted some poisonous preparation of his own manufacture for a simple restorative powder I left for her yesterday. It is nearly time for the effect of that sedative to have passed off; I will watch her awakening."

As he spoke he rose, and, passing around the large screen which had been placed so as to shield the bed from the rays of the lamp, approached the bedside, and to his joy was greeted by those large, dark eyes, beaming with the old love-light again.

"O Edgar!" she exclaimed in broken accents, "will you ever forgive me when I tell you all?"

"My darling," he said, sinking on his knees by the bed, "rouse yourself; you are dreaming still."

"No, dear; I have been awake for some time. I know what I am saying. Neither have I been out of my mind, as you thought. Oh, you must hear me." Just then a gentle tap sounded on the door. "It is Lucille; let her come in; I owe her reparation too."

Resting on the manly breast beside her, and clasping the little hand Lucille timidly held out to her when she entered, poor Edith's story was soon told. When she had finished, her husband sealed her lips with a tender kiss, saying:

"My wife, let this be the last, as it was the first, break in your confidence in me. I was a victim of circumstantial evidence. Lucille is the one who has been wronged; but though *your* wrongs were imaginary, your suffering has been terribly real. Let that atone for all."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES

OFF BARNEGAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY H. O. ASTEN.

"How does she head, my man? No'th-east-by-no'th?
And won't she luff? Heave down a spoke and try her—
She's three points off her course—ah, that will do—
Look out! I say—she's all aback—no higher!"

"I wish the wind would haul—I'm tired out—
We've had no watch-and-watch since leaving Rio—
I think I'll stay ashore and buy a farm.
And come to anchor somewhere in Ohio."

So, growling like a bear, the rough old mate
Pulls up the collar of his reefing jacket,
And, turning anxiously to windward, looks,
While slowly onward plunges the old packet.

Three years away—and many a mile we're sailed—
Have swung in calms, and weathered gales terrific,
Been cruising round about the China Sea,
And touched at isles that dot the grand Pacific;

Have lain at anchor in the golden ports,
Where all was thrifty life and busy motion,
And traded with the dusky natives where
The Amazon flows on to meet the ocean.

But gone the sunny shores and tropic skies,
The spicy airs and sunsets filled with glory;
The book is closed—the fairy tale is told,
Our ears are eager for a sweeter story.

The dear old legend of a hearth-and-home,
The leaves that tell of wanderers returning,
The record of an ever-faithful heart
That in the window kept the light a-burning.

But see, the watchful mate with hand upraised
Now looks aloft and every movement traces;
The change has come! the wind the wind blows free—
Hark! 'tis the gladdening shout of "weather-braces."

So cheerily, cheerily let the yards swing 'round,
For willing hands with willing hearts are timing—
The good ship's on her course—we're "homeward bound,"
And on the air "eight bells" is bravely chiming.

"Go, call the watch! Ho, starboard watch, ahoy!
Dy'e hear the news? What light is that, I wonder!—
The mate is ringing out to put the foresail on—
Bring up the lead—there's Barnegat, by thunder!

THE JONES BROTHERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. MILT. HOFFMAN.

I got acquainted with the Jones brothers on a railway car, running between Hell Gate and Thimble Hollow, Texas. They were noble boys, I thought at the time, though, to tell the truth, our acquaintance lasted only about fifteen minutes. However, I was a young man then, and entertained a sneaking notion that nobility consisted in a fierce moustache and flashy apparel, which notion, by the way, I am happily over, and all on account of my short acquaintance with the Jones brothers.

I shall never forget how they looked when I first saw them; both were slight men, though finely formed, and, if showy clothing goes for anything, both were magnificent specimens of the tailor's art. Indeed, there was a distinguished air about the twain which made me wonder if they had not recently popped out of a French novel.

"A pleasant day," observed the elder of the two, as he threw himself in the vacant seat beside me.

"Quite pleasant," I replied.

"Are you going far?" he asked.

"Two more stations—Buzzard's Roost."

"Ah! a fine place. I have been there. Where are you from?"

"Rattlesnake Bend."

"Yes? Another fine place. I have been there, too. How are things at the Bend?"

"Flourishing," I replied.

"Trade good?"

"Yes."

"And the cattle-market?"

"Could not be better. Why, yesterday I sold fifteen steers for three hundred dollars."

"Cash down?"

"Cash down. The money is even now in this satchel by my side."

I did not think then that I was telling something that I ought not to; but, as I have hinted, I was a young man at the time, unused to the ways of the world, and, altogether, careless and unthinking.

"Not many passengers on the train to-day," observed the stranger, casting his eyes over the empty seats.

"Something uncommon," I replied; "probably because this is the morning train. Do you get off at the next station?"

"Oh, no," was the quick reply; "we have some distance to go, my brother and I, and the prospect isn't very pleasant. You have heard of us, likely; we are the Jones brothers, fish-merchants, Galveston."

If he had called himself Alfred Mortimer De Leslie, or some other equally high-toned name, and proclaimed himself a star actor traveling for pleasure, I would not have been surprised; but the "Jones brothers"—the tumble fairly took away my breath.

"Yes, we have lived in Galveston a long while," went on the stranger, "and I expect to end my days there. As for my brother, poor fellow, I feel very sad when I think how he has suffered."

The "brother" occupied a seat behind us, and did not seem to know that anyone was near; he had a sad, mournful look, like a person brooding over a terrible wrong. Once I looked at him sharply, but he spoke not, neither did he return my gaze; he only sighed heavily, and his eyes had a far-away look like a man in a dream.

"Some mental disorder," I observed to the man at my side.

"Yes," was the reply.

"He looks healthy, though."

"Oh, pretty healthy enough; but his experience has been terrible. Shall I tell you all about it?"

I was anxious to hear it, and I said as much.

"Well, then, see here."

He took from his pocket a little box containing a white substance that I took for flour, but which was really an article used by some ladies to make the complexion delicate and white.

"Powder," I remarked quietly; "what are you going to do with it?"

"See."

He poured a little in the palm of his hand, and, stepping out in the aisle, smoothed it carefully on the floor near the car-door.

"When the conductor comes through he will step on it," he said, resuming his seat by my side. "It is the only way I shall be able to find out whether he is or is not a murderer."

What did the man mean by such talk? I did not know, I could not tell; I could only surmise that he had lost his reason.

"The story is a short one," began the stranger, "and I will tell it in as few words as possible. About a year ago my poor brother formed the acquaintance of a beautiful young girl, whom he soon learned to love with all his heart. She was the only daughter of a wealthy planter, and as noble and true as she was good. Indeed, her grace and beauty attracted marked attention, and among the young men of her acquaintance there were few who were not madly in love with her. Even my poor brother was touched with her gentle ways, but I am glad to say his love was reciprocated.

"So, for a time, they were betrothed; a wedding day was set, and all the necessary preparations for a brilliant marriage were consummated. Then came the terrible blow of which I have spoken, and I tremble as I recall the awful scene.

"It was the day appointed for the marriage, shortly after the middle of the day, and my brother and the beautiful girl soon to be his bride were walking in the garden among the shrubbery, when suddenly she caught him by the arm and said:

"'I am afraid something terrible is about to happen.'

"'Why?' asked my brother.

"'Because I have been warned. When I drank my tea this noon I read my fate in the bottom of the cup. I saw myself murdered in cold blood, and a thousand devils stood around gloating over my anguish. I have promised to be your wife, but I shall never wed. I am doomed.'

"My brother was greatly frightened, but he disguised his feelings with a laugh, and said:

"'The day is set, and we shall wed, though the heavens fall.'

"She left him, and went into the house, and he saw her disappear up the broad stairs to her room. Then the guests began to arrive, and soon the large house was filled to overflowing; then the minister came, and then all was ready.

"'The bride, the bride!' cried several.

"My brother came down at this moment, with his face like a shroud.

"'I have knocked at her chamber-door,' he whispered, 'but she will not answer. I have listened, but not a sound comes from the room; I have tried to enter, but the door is locked. I fear something terrible has happened. Go and see.'

"He sank in a chair limp as a rag, and the father of the beautiful girl and myself hastened to the room.

"'Margaret! Margaret!' I cried, for that was the name of the girl.

"No reply came from the room; the door was locked and bolted on the inside, and all was still.

"'Burst down the door!' cried the excited father of Margaret.

"It was done at once, and there on the snowy bed, lifeless and cold, was the body of the beautiful girl Margaret, the blood slowly oozing from a dagger wound in the breast.

"'Dead, dead!' moaned the old man at my side.

"'Yes, dead; but her murderer, who and where was he?

"It was a mystery which none could solve. The villain, whoever he was, had probably swung himself down from the window, which was open, and made good his escape.

"'I need not speak of the terrible scene that followed; it is enough to know that my poor brother was almost wild with grief.

"'I will search the world over,' he cried, 'and sooner or later avenge her death.'

"We looked for some clue to guide us in our search for the murderer, and this we found: On the floor near the bed was a little of this fine powder, and there, just as plain as plain could be, was a boot-track, the heel of which had made a round ring, about the size of a silver dollar, in the powder on the floor; I could hardly contain myself when I saw it. With this mark, we would hunt the murderer down.

"'All this happened a week ago to-day, and now, when I tell you that I have found the murderer, that I have tracked him to his retreat, I speak the truth. Yes, I am almost certain that the conductor of this train is the man!

"'So I have smoothed a little of this white powder on the floor, and when he treads on it, which he will ——'

My companion ceased speaking, for at this moment the conductor hurried through the car, and, as he opened the door, he planted his foot firmly in the powder on the floor.

"'Now, rush forward!' exclaimed the man at my side.

I obeyed at once; my head whirled; I was trembling with excitement; my eyes stuck out like saucers; and, as I bent over the powder, the hot breath of my strange companion fanned my cheek.

"'Look sharp! do you see it?' he said. "The ring, the ring!'

I stared at the powdered floor, and for several seconds spoke not a word. Then, with a deep groan, my companion said:

"'It is not there. I am foiled again.'

The engine whistled, the train stopped, and the Jones brothers hurriedly left the car.

Then, almost immediately, the train moved on, and the conductor appeared at the door.

"Are you well acquainted with the Jones brothers?" he asked, taking a seat beside me.

"No," I replied. "Who are they?"

"Confidence men, Galveston," he said.

"But the murdered girl, and all that?" I exclaimed.

The conductor laughed.

"Some big yarn, I reckon," he said. "It's this way, very likely: while the one was romancing to ye, t'other was stealin' yer luggage. Look and see."

I saw at a glance that my satchel was gone, and I know now that the three hundred dollars it contained went to keep up the luxurious existence of "THE JONES BROTHERS."

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. LVI.

RICHARD WAGNER.

This illustrious composer, the "Hero of Bayreuth" and founder of the system of music bearing his name—a system richer in declamation than in melody—was born at Leipsic on May 22, 1813. His elementary education was derived in part from the schools of his native city, and also in part from those of Dresden. There was no compulsion as to his later studies—they were such as happened to please him. Poetry and the drama attracted him for a time, and at twelve years of age he addressed himself to writing plays that never got beyond the bounds of manuscript. Painting also had a charm for him at about this period. For a tutor he had a master of the art, but he himself was not a brilliant scholar. When he was fifteen years old, he resolved to consecrate his after-life to music. It was the "Freischutz" of Weber that first fascinated him, and Beethoven's symphonies riveted the chains. Among his earliest musical compositions was a brief piece—a *comedie Jumpette*—suggested by Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," but never given to the public. In 1833 a symphony by him was given in a concert at Leipsic. It is believed that that was his first introduction to audiences he has since charmed at times, and at others failed to satisfy. His initial opera was "The Fairies." It was written in 1836, when he was musical director at the theatre of Madgeburg; but it was not produced. It was net thus with "The Novice of Palermo" in the same year, and for which he furnished both words and music. That was produced, but it failed. Resigning his post at the Madgeburg Theatre, he became alternately musical director at Konigsberg, Dresden, and Riga. Choosing a subject from "The Arabian Nights," at Riga he began a comic opera, but never completed it. In 1841, with "Rienzi" but a mere outline and "Der Fliegende Hollander" yet in embryo, he went to Paris. He was lacking alike in means and influence to pursue his projects; but in Maurice Schlesinger, music publisher and journalist, he found a friend. Through him he placed a number of songs before the public, but their musical oddity was a bar to success. Schlesinger also secured for him a commission to write an overture for a Parisian concert society. Wagner furnished "Faust," which, after one rehearsal, the society abandoned as too eccentric for music. An analogous fate was that of "La Defense de l'Amour," a light opera. Next he furnished vaudeville music for the minor theatres, which after a time decided that his style was too fantastic even for their purposes. Then he began to write novels, as a novelist he was successful, but his ambition was unsatisfied.

Obtaining the means of leaving Paris by selling the libretto of his "Vaisseau Fantome," composed in the French capital and rejected there, he removed to Dresden under the guaranty that there "Rienzi" should be produced. While making the journey he resolved to write an opera that should accurately reflect all his theories and convictions as to musical art, and out of this journey from Paris to Dresden "Tannhauser" ultimately shaped itself. "Rienzi" was successful, and Dresden that its author was made chapelmaster to the King of Saxony. In 1843 "Vaisseau Fantome" was produced, and failed. It has since been rendered in Berlin, Cassel and many other cities of musical note, without becoming popular in any; and in its early years "Rienzi" was successful in Dresden only. There, in 1845, after careful and costly preparations, "Tannhauser" was produced. It commanded but two representations, and its author vainly sought to place it upon the stage in Berlin. Then he entered upon the task of composing "Lohengrin." Before it had advanced far enough to be produced, the troubles of 1848-9 broke out. Believing that the overthrow of the Government, by taking the theatre out of the control of the court, would leave him freer to establish his revolutionary operatic principles, Wagner had participated in the political revolution; and from the consequences of that complicity he was forced to seek refuge in Switzerland. There he finished "Lohengrin" and composed "Tristan et Isolde" and "Die Nibelungen," of the last of which the public have heard so much during the past few years. Liszt now became a convert to the Wagnerian school of art, and through the influence of the pianist several of Wagner's operas were brought out at Weimar.

In 1855, after several years' residence in Zurich, Wagner went to London, Eng., where he was director of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. In 1857 "Tannhauser" was given with great success at Stuttgart. That was the beginning of its popularity. Differing from the composer himself, the public regard it as his representative or best work. In 1861 it was presented at the Grand Opera, Paris, where it could command but three performances; but in Vienna, in 1862, it was accorded such favor as largely compensated for its failure in the French capital, where of late years, or since the Franco-Prussian war, he has been especially unpopular, as was strikingly manifested at M. Pasdeloup's concerts, when it was attempted to render the funeral march from his "Goetterdaemmerung," the French crying "Assez! pes de Wagner!" while the Germans shouted "Laissez joues d'abord." In 1865 Wagner was invited to Munich, the young King of Bavaria becoming his friend, and installing him as director of the Opera-house. Ultimately King Ludwig was forced to dismiss him because of his interference in matters of state.

Of Wagner's latest productions, the best known in this country is the opera of "The Flying Dutchman." He has attained to most prominence, however, as the organizer of the Bayreuth Festival, for which a theatre without tiers or galleries, and with the seats arranged in amphitheatric form, was specially built. At this Festival three the Wagner Trilogy was performed. The Trilogy proper consisted of three divisions—"The Walkyren," "Siegfried," and "The Goetterdammerung;"—which, with the prelude of "The Rheingold," comprised the great operatic work of "The Ring of the Nibelungen." In one sense the festival was a success; and at its conclusion Wagner addressed the assembled throng in these words: "You have seen now what we can and what we will do, if you wish it. We have achieved a work." But it is an art that does not pay, for the festival cost $25,000 more than it brought in. It was the composer's intention to renew it in the following year, but it was not renewed. Apart from conducting a series of concerts intended to relieve the Bayreuth deficit, he has done little or nothing since. His last prominent appearance was at a banquet given him by the London Leidekranz Society on the celebration of the sixty-fourth anniversary of his birthday.

As to his merits as a composer, even Germany is divided. By some his theories are regarded as absurdly visionary, and his music as extravagant and unintelligible; while others regard him as the greatest musical genius of the age. In a volume of essays from his own pen, published in 1851, he explains his guiding notion as being that music, poetry and dramatic effect should not be made separate objects, but should combine with and assist one another; and he credits himself with having performed the first practical act to bring about this combination. Hence his compositions have been styled, no less by others than by himself, as "The Music of the Future." It is conceded that he is a master of the science of music, thoroughly familiar with the laws he prefers to set aside, absolute in his command of the orchestra, and perhaps unsurpassed as a writer for instruments. But as a the orist he is unflinching, ignoring regular melody as being inconsistent with the highest expression of artistic feeling, and proclaiming all systems but his own to be faulty.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

Accompanying the likeness of Wagner on our first page is one of Rubinstein, distinguished everywhere, and when all was ready, pre-eminent among Russian composers. He was born at Wechwotynetz on Nov. 29, 1830, and his first musical instruction was gleaned from his mother when he was but six years old. Afterwards he studied under Alex. Willoing of Moscow, and in 1838 made his first appearance in public. In 1839-40 he accompanied Willoing to Paris, where he remained a year and a half, and also received instruction from Liszt. Then he went on a three years' concert-tour through England, Germany, Holland, Sweden, etc., after which he returned to his family in Russia. Thence he went to Berlin, where he took lessons in composition under Dehn, and occasionally played at court; and from Berlin he went in 1846 to Vienna, and from the latter city he moved to Pressburg. In both of these places he gave lessons, as well as received them. Going to St. Petersburg in his nineteenth year, he was appointed player to the Princess Helene, a position in which he had ample leisure to pursue his studies in composition. After six years passed in St. Petersburg he started upon another tour, which comprised Germany, France and England. In 1858 he returned to St. Petersburg, where he became director of the concerts of the Russian Musical Society, and in 1862 established the Royal Conservatory. In 1867 he made another concert tour through Europe, and in 1873 he visited the United States, where he created a furor such as recalled the advent here of Sigismund Thalberg and Louis Gottschalk. Returning to Europe, he found his popularity in the British capital undiminished in 1876, and again in 1877. The financial success that rewarded him in the latter year in London was extraordinary, the receipts of his last performance at St. James' Hall being £625, the largest amount ever taken in at that house by a single artist, not even excepting Charles Dickens. Since he left here he has written several compositions of high merit, notably a trio and a "Dramatic Symphony." Among his earlier works, apart from symphonies, overtures, songs, etc., are the German operas of "Feramors" "Lalla Rookh") and "Die Kinder der Heide," and the Russian operas of "Dimitri Donskoi," "Die Sibir Jager," "Die Bache," and "Toms der Narr." Having been devised for special occasions or for the purpose of displaying his own special powers, many of his piano compositions fail to reflect his known capabilities as a composer; and it is in his chamber music, and symphonies, and concertos for piano and orchestra that he takes highest rank.

A ROYAL ELEPHANT.—The oldest of the white elephants of Siam, which was born in 1770, died in his temple at Bangkok in November last. Everyone knows that this famous white elephant, before whom a whole people bow the knee, is the emblem of the kingdom of Siam. Each white elephant possesses its palace, a vessel of gold, and harness resplendent with jewels. Several mandarins are attached to its service, and feed it with cakes and sugar cane. The King of Siam is the only person before whom it bends the knee, and a similar salutation is rendered it by the monarch. The deceased idol has been accorded a magnificent funeral. A hundred Buddhist priests officiated at the ceremony. The three surviving white elephants, preceded by trumpets and followed by an immense concourse of people, accompanied the funeral car to the bank of the Menam, where the King and his noble lords received the mortal remains, which were transported to the opposite bank for burial. A procession of thirty vessels figured at that curious ceremony. All the floating houses, ranged in double file on the Menam, to the number of over sixty thousand, were adorned with flags of all colors and symbolical attributes.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy—Sentimental Ballads—Comic Songs—Theatrical Jokes —Circus Reminiscences—Old Playbills—Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A NEW PLAY.

We take pleasure in announcing that a new play, written by ourselves, will shortly be produced for the first time on any stage. After mature deliberation we have decided to call this play "The Two Orphans"—a somewhat curious title, as will be seen, but one which may yet grow familiar to the public ear. It does not become us to speak of the beauty and power of the forthcoming drama. Others, who have read the manuscript, pronounce it to be the strongest and most effective piece ever written. They declare that it will have an unprecedented run—that it will be translated into numerous languages, and that we shall get rich from its revenues. A single scene is presented herewith, in order that the patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES may form some idea of the work. That is a blind girl sitting on the steps of a church, and the fellow who has taken off his own coat to protect her from the falling snow is a cripple. The blind girl, it should be mentioned, is one of the two orphans. We would modestly call attention to the fact that the introduction of the halt and the blind into the same play is a stroke of genius not often displayed. Without entering into further details, we would suggest that you keep your eye open for the first night of this remarkable drama. And it might be well to write down the title, so that you will not forget it—"The Two Orphans."

SAY THAT YOU LOVE ONLY ME.

INSCRIBED AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION TO MY FRIEND MRS. MARY D****R.

BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

Say that you love only me, love;
Fill all my soul with your smile;
Let not my life lonely be, love,
Give me affection, not guile.
Ah! for the joys that come after,
When your sweet voice, full of glee,
Wakens the woodland with laughter—
What can be sweeter to me?

Chorus.—Light up my soul with your smile, love,
Let not my life lonely be;
Purest affection, not guile, love—
Say that you love only me.

Kneeling at your beauty's shrine, love,
A glimpse of the future I see.
Bright as those bright eyes of thine, love
Peace, joy and rapture to me.

You never will have cause to doubt me,
Never a pang smite your heart;
Love, I cannot live without thee—
You are of my life a part.

Chorus.—Light of my soul, etc.

Is there a gift you can give, love,
Dearer than that which I seek?
Is there a smile that can live, love,
Longer than that on your cheek?
Now gone from my heart is the sadness
That filled it with anguish and pain;
Love, you have devoted to gladness
Thoughts that are blooming again.

Chorus.—Light of my soul, etc.

Brooklyn, 1878.

THE MOIRE-ANTIQUE DRAMA.

The sort of drama which is herewith represented is not so popular now as it was two or three thousand years ago. It is a little difficult to specify, though perhaps the moire antique would be the proper term. It is certainly more'er antique than it is a modern style. It has, also, a little of the Roman about it, with a touch of the Grecian and a bare suggestion of the Egyptian. The gentleman who is stepping out of the porch is a heavy tragedian—very heavy indeed when weighed with his sword. It will be observed that he has the true tragic stride, and that there is a great deal of reserved power in his feet. Evidently his presence is a surprise to the beautiful damsel, who is performing a game of solo whist while she holds on to the trail of her skirt. Close inspection will show that this lady is covered with hearts, while the garb of the tragedian is marked with diamonds. It is at least possible that the scene represents a contest between the queen of hearts and the king of diamonds. In such a case we should be tempted to put our checks on the tragedian, partly because diamonds usually win hearts—feminine hearts especially—and partly because the king takes the queen. And this leads to the natural observation that the king and queen ought to prove attractive cards.

THE SAD PAST AND GONE.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.
DEDICATED TO MISS B., PITTSTON, PA., BY ED. O'KELLY.

There's a gal that's as fair as the day,
And when near she is not very far,
And her father waits over the way
With a chair when I chance to go there.

Chorus.—When we meet, with his feet
He'll assist me along to the door
And I sigh for my eye,
And my nose that is mashed up and sore.

When I stretch out my limbs on the shore,
I will oftentimes think of the pain
That I had as I left the front door
When I called there to see Mary Jane.

Chorus.—When we meet, with his feet
He'll assist me along to the door,
And I sigh for my eye,
And my nose that is mashed up and sore

To her father in using his boot
I must render my tribute of praise,
And, his excellent aim at my snoot
I'll extol to the end of my days.

Chorus.—When we meet, with his feet
He'll assist me along to the door,
And I sigh for my eye,
And my nose that is mashed up and sore.

"PLAYFUL PATCHWORK."

BY WILLIAM F. ASPINALL.

"Musette," with "Jane Eyre," had left "School" because "Buffalo Bill's" "Red Right Hand" had been "Marked for Life" by "Paul Pry" in a fit of "Pique" because "Rose Michel" would not accept "Marriage" with "Toodles," whose sole possessions were a "Mighty Dollar" and a "Lottery Ticket," "Champagne and Oysters" were obtained at "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Under the Willows," by "Kit" and "Anne Boleyn," who also had "The Geneva Cross," by which "Handy Andy" was "Last Asleep" by a "Black Crook" from "The Wicked World." "The Danites" and "The Crushed Tragedian," who were present as witnesses in "A Celebrated Case," and were "Waiting for the Verdict," refused to obey "The Law of the Land" unless "Lottie Lee" accompanied "The Shaughraun" and "Uncle Jack" (who was "One Hundred Years Old," and wanted both "Cross and Crown") in "The Lyons Mail" as far as "Chicago," for they had heard that "Our Boarding-house" had disappeared on "The Rent-day," that "Our Bachelors" before "The Peep o' Day" had "Broken Fetters" and "Escaped from Stag Sing;" and all their "Money" being invested in a "Big Bonanza" or spent at "Long Branch," "Saratoga," "Woodleigh" and "Rosedale," they were not in the possession of "Plenty of Money," but with "Brass" and "Cheek" they managed to get to "The Bottom of the Sea" (where they saw "The Nalad Queen") and "Around the World in Eighty Days." "Little Em'ly" knew "The Mother's Secret," and threatened to denounce "David Garrick" as "A Rebel to the Core" unless "Branded" "Colonel Sibley" as "A Liar." "Miss Multon," who had been "Married in Haste" and was now "Partners for Life" with "The Veteran," stated that "Twins" had been left at her house by a person in a "Pink Domino," and thought it was either "Sidonie," "The Governess" or "My Awful Dad." "Rip Van Winkle" was in "A Terrible Fix," having a severe attack of "Jealousy," as "Becky Mix" had told him that "Ben McCullough" had seen "Our American Cousin" at "East Lynne" with a "Red Light," and that "Zip" would receive "A Thumping Legacy" from "The Captain of the Watch" for assisting in "Woodcock's Little Game," and "Agnes," "A Wonderful Woman," shed "Tears, Idle Tears." "Kerry," "The Man of Success" and owner of "The Emerald Ring," thereupon shot "Camille" with a bundle of "Red Tape," and "Dick Drift" called upon "Sam," who, with "The Ticket-of-leave Man," "Old Lavender," "The Princess Royal" and "Solon Shingle," came "Through by Daylight" by "The Overland Route" from "Across the Continent," where they were discussing "The Chimney Question" with "Willie" and "Fanchon," who arrived "Just in Time," and were "Given Up Hand" to "Help" her. "Helen's Babies," who were eating "Lemons" and enjoying "Life" in "The Chimney Corner" of a "Fifth-avenue" "Home," were made "Man and Wife" by "The Man o' Airlie," who stated that, according to "Article 47," a "Divorce" could be obtained through "Strategy." "Blackeyed Susan" sat on "Amos Clarke's" knee when "Our Boys" introduced "Nick of the Woods" as "A Terrible Example," and stated that they found him "Under the Gaslight" "After Dark" in "New York," with "Roving Love Among the Roses" and "Maud Muller." "Tramps" not being admitted, he was bounced by "Schneider" and put out "On the Fly." "Baby" was kissed by "Dan'l Druce," and "Fritz" made "Love Among the Roses" to "Maud Muller." "Henry Dunbar" was "Shot in the Eye" by "Davy Crockett" during a game of "Euchre" for "£1,000." "Our Aldermen," "Frou-Frou" and "Otto" held all the "Trumps," but "Ah Sin," after taking many "Risks," "Struck Oil," held "The Winning Hand," and "Won at Last."

"AINT YOU GOT A CHEEK?"

TO TONY PASTOR, BY ROBERT MCKAY.

Oh, I love a maiden! She's
fair as can be;
Her hair is nut-brown, and
her boot number three;
Her lips are as red as the
blossoming rose,
Joy follows her footsteps
wherever she goes;
In her is all happiness earth
can bestow.
I can't understand why she
teases me so,
For when I would kiss her,
she sly little puss
On her lips puts her finger,
and answers me thus:

Chorus.
"Oh, aint you naughty to talk
to me so!
No, I won't let you; now,
please let me go.
I'll be 'mad,' and to you again
I'll never speak;
You're horrid, you're awful;
aint you got a cheek?"

It's awful when, for a caress
you're inclined,
A maiden should act so un-
just and unkind.

This motive alone she can
have, I am sure—
The favor received will be
valued the more;
And then they're so artful
and cunning, the elves,
When we know they would
like to as well as ourselves;
And so I'm perplexed, and
the point I can't see
When Paulina blushes and
cries out to me:

Chorus.—"Oh, aint you," etc.

Some day we'll be married—
oh, thrice happy day!—
Then all affectations shall be
cast away;
Then I shall enfold her in
these loving arms,
And shield her forever from
earth's wild alarms.
Joy, joy, then shall reign in
my bosom supreme,
Life then will be real, not a
delusive dream;
I'll kiss her, caress her, do
just as I please,
And will not be annoyed by
such words as these:

Chorus.—"Oh, aint you," etc.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AS A BURLESQUE ACTRESS.

To those who only remember the late Miss Cushman during the latter portion of her career the caption of this article will sound somewhat strange. It will be difficult for them to imagine the stately representative of Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine; the impersonator of the old hag, Meg Merrilies, or the devoted but repulsive Nancy Sikes capering in musical extravaganza; nevertheless, such was the fact, as will be seen by a perusal of the appended copy of a bill of the occasion of the first performance in America of "Zazeiizou," originally produced Feb. 15, 1838. The bill also commemorates the third appearance in this city of La Petite Augusta, who was then about 12 years of age, and was considered one of the most extraordinary juvenile dancers that ever graced our stage. Her real name was Augusta Williams, being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Williams, who figured at the Park in 1817. Her mother subsequently marrying Robert Maywood, the child was thereafter known as Augusta Maywood. She made her debut on the stage in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 30, 1837. Accompanied by her stepfather, she went to Paris to perfect her ari, and was the first American pupil admitted to the French Academy. She had scarcely entered her teens when she married Mons. Mabille without her stepfather's knowledge, and in less than twe years she eloped from her husband and deserted the infant she had borne Him. She subsequently became celebrated as a dancer in Germany and Italy, and is now in retirement in the latter country. Of those who figured in the cast, many have passed away; the dates and places of their demise being as follow: Henry Placide, Babylon, L. I., Jan. 23, 1870; William Wheatley, this city, Nov. 3, 1876; W. G. Wells in Mexico in 1841; John A. Fisher, this city, July, 1847; John Povey, London, Eng., May 2, 1867; Mrs. Vernon, this city, June 4, 1869; Mrs. Wheatley, this city, July 18, 1872; John Jones, here, Nov. 2, 1851; Peter Richings, Media, Pa., Jan. 18, 1871; Charlotte Cushman, Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, 1876; Gilbert Nexsen, this city, Oct. 17, 1855; William Isherwood, here, Aug. 17, 1841; Mrs. Durie became Mrs. Shepherd, and in 1855 retired and went to California; Mrs. Chippendale may be living in England; Sidney Pearson is living in this city; W. Chippendale is in England; Mrs. Richardson, now Mrs. Fisher, is in retirement; Mrs. Pritchard subsequently became Mrs Lovell, and may possibly be living; Julia Turnbull has not been heard from in some years.

THEATRE,
Third and last night but two of the engagement of
LA PETITE AUGUSTA.
Second night of the musical extravaganza of
ZAZEILIOU, OR CARDS, DOMINOES AND CHESS.
ON FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, 1838,
will be performed the farce of
SCALMAG.

Mr. Singleton	Mr. Pindle/Constable
Ed. Singleton	Mr. Wheatley/Fancy
Capt. Tenderly	Mr. Wells/Emily
Tommy Candle	Mr. Fisher/Julia
John Grub	Mr. Povey/Mrs. Candle

Mr. Hayden
Mrs. Vernon
Mrs. Durie
Mr. Chippendale
Mrs. Wheatley

After which the grand operatic ballet of
LA FAVORITE.
The English translation, adapted and arranged expressly for this theatre. The scenery painted by Mr. Evers.

The Unknown	Mr. Jones/The Chevalier
Ollivour	Mr. Richings/Captain of Guard
	Soldiers, populace, etc.

Mr. Povey
Mr. Bedford

Zoloe (La Bayadere) ..... La Petite Augusta
Fatima ..... Mrs. Checkwell/Nisha ..... Mrs. Richardson
The evening's entertainment to conclude with the musical extravaganza, in two acts, called
ZAZEILIOU, OR CARDS, DOMINOES AND CHESS.
Written by E. Fitzball, Esq., and now performing in London with great applause. With new scenery dresses and decorations.

Zazeniozu	Mr. Fisher
Zizi	Mrs. Richardson
Zozo	Miss Cushman
King of Ivory	Mr. Wells
King of Ebony	Mr. Nexsen
King of Diamonds	Mr. Richings
King of Clubs	Mr Bedford
King of Hearts	Mr. Hayden
King of Spades	Mr. Garland
Knave	Mr. Johnson
Grosbec	Mr. Chippendale
Godenlaf	Mr. Isherwood
Mirondleur, the Enchanter	Mr. Bedford
Tabletinni	Mr. Povey
Domino, Chessmen, Cards, Guards, Slaves, etc.	
Queen Tant-a-tant	Mrs. Chippendale
Queen of Ivory	Mrs. Durie
Queen of Ebony	Mrs. Pritchard
Queen of Hearts	Mrs. Hughes
Queen of Diamonds	Miss Verity
Queen of Spades	Miss Turnbull
Queen of Clubs	Mrs. Conway
Princess Zaza	Mrs. Bedford

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC and OPERATIC NOVELTIES

"LA FEMME DE CHAMBRE,"

a three-act comedy, by Paul Perrier, was referred to in our last issue as recently first acted at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris. The plot is as follows: M. Montmoreau is a rich bourgeois, with a charming wife and a friend from whom he is inseparable. This friend, Frederic Percival by name, is a bachelor, and his fortune is equal to if not greater than that enjoyed by Montmoreau. The latter, who occupies a suite of rooms on the first floor, has induced Percival to rent a corresponding flat overhead, and Frederic takes his meals with the Montmoreaus and lives with them just as if he were one of the family. Indeed, the servants, who find the visitor more generous than their master, treat the former as if he were their employer, so that he rules the household just as he likes. The great drawback to his otherwise agreeable position is that Montmoreau's attachment is so constant that it has become a bore. The younger man is perpetually attended by his friend. Morn, noon, and night Montmoreau insists on being at Frederic's elbow. The "Old Man of the Sea" could be shaken off more easily than Madame Hortense's persistent husband. Percival endures this yoke because he is in love with his friend's wife—were it not for this circumstance he would have quitted his rooms long before. And the ivy-like propensities of Montmoreau add insurmountable obstacles to the progress of Frederic's suit. The lady, so far, has only returned his flame platonically, but she does not scruple, nevertheless, to make appointments with him in public places—in the Tuileries Gardens or in the Galleries of the Louvre, for which Percival is grateful enough from keeping because he cannot rid himself of her husband's company. As a last resource he rents a little apartment in a street off the Champs Elysees, furnishes it luxuriously, and then offers the key to Madame Montmoreau, with a hint that they might find themselves there unobserved. The lady declines to accept it. She has no notion of committing herself, and merely dreams of the delights of a chaste mutual platonic affection. The difficulty which her husband's attachment to his friend interposes between her and the pursuit of her chimera at last irritates her, however, and she is ready to clutch at any chance which might separate Fythias-Montmoreau from Damon-Percival, when her chambermaid gives notice of departure, and she has to advertise for another. Among the young women who present themselves in search of the situation is one named Julie, of great personal attractions—a perfect beauty, in fact, with excellent testimonials, all of which, strange to say, state that her previous mistresses had been obliged to part with her "for a particular reason." This reason, when investigated, turns out to be that either the master of the house or the son, or both, had fallen in love with her! Madame Montmoreau has found her chance. She engages Julie without an instant's hesitation, in the evident hope that her husband will be captivated by her like the others, and that in consequence she may be at liberty to carry on her Platonic intrigue with Percival. Julie is the personification of virtue and innocence. Her extraordinary beauty only serves to heighten her expression of perfect purity. But, as his wife had expected, Montmoreau is hopelessly winged the moment he claps eyes on her, and henceforth Frederic is free to enjoy his liberty. These are the contents of the first act, which, in spite of its palpable immorality, may be given as having succeeded well, thanks to a variety of clever details which give evidence of Paul Ferrier's keen powers of observation. The remainder of the piece is an insult to the good taste of an audience, and the spectators consequently received the second and third acts with a coldness that bespoke immediate condemnation. Montmoreau finds it impossible to make any progress against the ironplated reserve and modesty of Julie; but he is much more at home with his cook, a buxom wench whose he initiates occasionally into the mysteries of preparing a favorite sauce of his. Feeling how unequal he is to a successful attack on Julie's virtue, he thinks it might be a good plan to practice his tactics on the more accommodating Catherine, and he is in the act of kissing her when Julie opens the door. A little later, and his valet surprises him at the feet of the icy chambermaid herself, and thenceforward the silly man is at the mercy of all his servants. In the third act we find that Madame Hortense is becoming more and more averse from platonic ideas of love; in fact, she is sliding rapidly towards her dishonor, when, in spite of herself, she is checked on the way by an unexpected discovery. Percival has, in his turn, fallen a victim to Julie's charms, and is prepared to make any sacrifice for her. Madame Montmoreau, under the influence of jealousy, at last agrees to accept the key of Frederic's apartment, and has made an appointment with him there, but Julie prevents the fickle bachelor from keeping it by consenting to become his housekeeper at a salary of 1,000f. a year, and the curtain falls on the announcement that she is going to take up her quarters in the mysterious apartment, whither she will be followed by Montmoreau's other servants, who already call her "Madame" in the most courteous style. And Julie, as we lose sight of her, gives us to understand that it will not be long until she does become "Madame" in reality, for she will wheedle M. Frederic Percival into making her his wife. As for Montmoreau, they are both cured of their respective follies, and will devote the rest of their days to each other. Mlle. Alice Regnault appeared as Julie, Mlle. Helene Monaler as the wife, St. Germain as Montmoreau, and Landrol as Perc

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending FEB. 2., MONDAY, March 4.

LADIES' LIST.

Allyne, Kittie
Ackerman, Irene (3)
Austin, Mrs. Emma
Adams, Nettie (of Golden's Co.)
Allen, Idioles
Brown, Lottie
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Bankson, Mrs. M. E.
Booth, Polly
Brevoort, Mrs. Kate
Boyd, Nellie (comedienne)
Blye, Helen B.
Bradley, Leanera
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Burleigh, Minnie
Bridges, Winona
Branscombe, Maude
Boshell, Louise
Crayton, Gussie
Castle, Nellie
Coventry, Julie S.
Cordello & Victorelli
Caltar or Calton, Mrs. Nellie
Dixon, Blanche (3)
D'Este, Helen
De Vere, Nellie
Davenport, Fannie
Delano, Fannie
Eastman, Lillie
Edwards, Mrs. Geo.
Elmere, Annie (vocalist)
Eldridge, Lillie
Fox, Annie
Florence, Gertie
Forrest, Lillian
Franzini, Mad.
Gilday, Fannie Bean (2)
Gross, Em-lu
Hackwill, Miss H. L.
Hall, Marie (vocalist)
Howard, Maude (danseuse)
Howe, Lillie
Imogene, Miss
Kaine, Georgie
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kellogg, Alice
Lee, Pauline
Lucille, Fannie
Laurence, Jennie & Albert
Lindsey, Jennie
Lockuen, Rosa
Mahretta, Mlle. (artiste "biz")
Mattice, Lo-la
Mest, Zoe (2)
Mayo, Ella
Merrielle, Ivy
Miranda, Emma
Marshall, Florence (vocalist)
Morris, Ida (vocalist)
Neville, Emma J.
Nash, Helen (2)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Allen, W. W.
Allen, D. R.
Ayers, Chas.
"Alexis" (3)
Andre, E. A.
Allen, Prof. J. O. E.
Aiken, Albert W.
Avery, C. A. (comedian)
Albright, Geo.
Ainsworth, F. K.
Atkins, W. A.
Avery, Wm.
Berger, F. G.
Batcheller & Doris
Barnum, P. T.
Bliss, Eugene
Brown, T. W. (with Delehanty & Heng.)
Burke, Major
Baughman & Hume
Bush, Frank
Breban Family
Bell, Hiram (magician)
Bingen (2)
Bowers, Jas.
Brett, Wm.
Ball & Ked
Borgman, Chas. E
Byron, O. D.
Bush, I. T. (2)
Beckwith, H. H (vocalist)
Berrey, Asa
Bernard, W. L. (gymnast)
Beach, Bobby (of Beach & Gould)
Brook, L.
Bowron, Geo. (with Berger Family)
Bowers, Jos.
Bainbridge, C. D.
Butler, Harry (comedian)
Bachelor, Geo.
Begza, P. (Colsear's & Begza)
Brown, B.
Blamont, C. E.
Boyd, W. A. (of Boyd's Dram Co.)
Chesnut, Thos. S. (3)
Costley, Jos.
Clarke, Birkett
"Character Vocalist"
Conway, Neil
"Continental 4,"
Keen, Jule
Colvin, E. D.
Corvilla, F. (of Corvillia Bros.)
Cooke, Harry
("Spirit-exposer")
Cody, W. F.
Clapham, Harry
Cohan, Geo. M.
"C. E. D." (2)
Clifton, Frank R. (2)
Crane, Chuck
Cordella, Chas.
Carroll, Chas.
Currara or Fred
Byron, Wm.
Cooper, C. (with Wallace Sisters)
Cilwards, Gus (Punch & Ju. "biz")
Crumley, B. (of Crumley & De For.)
Crabtree, Geo.
Carara, F. (of Carrara Troupe)
Campbell, R. C. 6c.
Crane, Frank
Clark, R. (of Robinson's Circus)
Carroll, M. S.
Carle, J. H. (banjoist)
Corbin, C. A.
Corcoran, Lawrence
Crumbet, Zeb
Deagle, Geo. J.
Dacre, T. B. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Dorris, H. C.
Duncan, W. T.
Devlin, Jas. A. 7c.
Dobson, F. B.
D'Ormer, Mons.
De Haven, Geo. W.
Drake, H. G.
Dixon, H. (p. m.)
Denmark London, Eng
Dibois, Alsip
Durand, W. W.
Dayton, Tom & Annie
Davis, Louis H.
Dewitt, Thos. (of Wallace-Villa Co.
Deckrill, R. H.
Drayton, Herr
De Lorme, Harry
Doreland, Will C.
Degroat, Chas. P.
Devere, Tommy (of Devere Bros.)
Ensminger, E. G.
Emmet, Jos. K. (2)
Everett, Geo (2)
Emerson & Clarke
Eady, Jas N. (2)
Ekin, J. S.
Ellis, Sam
Emerson, Billy
Elliott, Wm.
Emmerson, Al. ("bones")
Emidy, Richd. 6c
Fawcett, Owen
Florence, W. J.
Fursman & Doris, Geo.
Freise, A. (2)
Franckum, Geo.
Fowler, W. W.
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Forepaugh, Adam
France, Geo. F.
French, H.
Fechter, Chas. 6c
Fagan & Fenton
Fontaine, W. (contortionist) (2)
Flanagan, Edward
Freeman, C. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Forester, Bruce
Forest & Robinson
Gibbs, W. H.
Girard, Ed (of Girard Bros.)
Guise, Prof. (magician)
Gossa, Mrs. (3)
Goodrich, E. T.
Gibson, J. (of Gibson & Binney)
Gotthold, E. M.
Gynette, Harry
Gardner, Chas.
Girard, Wm. (of Girard Bros.)
Gale, Walter
Grieste, G. B. (2)
Griffiths, W. H. (actor)
Gray, Geo.
Gever, Albert
Gilbert, John (song and dance)
Goodwin, I. C.
Herman, Prof. (magician)
Heywood Bros.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Healy, Conway & Saunders
Hickey, W.
Hall, E. M. 6c.
Hall, G. W.
Harris, F. D. (2)
Horter, Dr. Max (2)
Harrington, J. (of Harr. & Cum.) (2)
Hodges, D. B.
Hamilton, J. Saml. (juggler)
Haverly, Jack
Hunt, Harry J.
Hearne Jas. (Irish "biz")
Hernander Montie
Hall, Chas. (of De Haven's Circus)
Howard, Chas. L.
Hutchinson, Jas.
Hackett, John H.
Hyatt, Frank (of Stone's Circus)
Hedges, L. (of Howe's Circus)
Howard, G. C.
Henri, Hi
Hynes, Arnold
Johnston, Arthur
Johnston, R. J.
Kline, Lew
Mest, Zoe (2)
Mayo, Ella
Kearney, Jas.
Kine, James
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Kisser, Geo.
Kelly & Neary
Kent, Mr. (of Kendall's Co.)
Kendrick, W. A.
Keltch, Mr. (of Stone's Circus)
Kinsley, Bob (of Hinson's Circus)
Kunkel, Geo.
Lilly, Prof. C. A.
Leberiand, R. (circus prop.)
Langdon, W. H.
Lorella, J. (of Lorella Bros.)
Lilley, C. (of Healy's Hibern.)
Lockhart, — (one arm-man)
Laverlee, Everett
Leland, Matt
Little, R. G.
Lennox, G. J.
Lamkin, Harry
Loveday, Chas.
Lewis, John E.
Lee, Lavalett (4c
Lehmann, W. (musician)
Lester, Wm.
La Fourette or R.
Davis, D. E.
Leonzo & Ryan
Lingham, M. V.
Le Grand, — (of Novelty Cent. Co.)
Lyle, James
Lynch, Ed. (Irish "biz")
Lovella, Wm. H.
Lawlis, A. B.
Lenton Bros.
Mayo, Frank
Mason, Ed. (can dy "biz")
Morris, J. R.
Martin, Sam
Marcono Family
Murphy, J. H. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
McDonald, F. (lion tamer)
Melvill, Jas.
Milbank, Geo. 6c.
Muab, Ret
Mordaunt, Frank
Morris or Jas. Taylor, Tim
Mayhew & Heath
Murray, John
McGlone, Pete (3)
McCarthy, C. (of Mack & Wood.)
Morton, Wm. W.
Miller, S. H.
Marsden, Fred (author)
Mack & Wood
Murphy, J. P.
Mobley, Henry L.
Morgan, Matt
Mack, Wm.
McCluny, J. F. B.
McDonough, J. E.
Mack, Billy (of Hayly's Minst.)
Melville, E. C (actor)
Martin, Sam
Morton, J. W. (of "Big 4")
Mara, Frank
Mankum, Geo. F.
Murry, P. (of Sprag. & Bird. Minst.)
McKay, Andy
Moreland, Harry
Meeker, H. J.
MacAllister, J. M.
Mullen, J. (of Mullen & Magee)
Neary, T. (of Kelly & Neary) 6c.
Nathan, J. J.
Nash, Dan
Nutt, Major R.
Naomi, (juggler)
Northrup, C. (late Jones & Northrup)
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien, Fred (leaper)
O'Donough, The
Ogden, A. (of Van Amburgh's Circus)
O'Brien's Circus,
Man Concert Priv.
Parker, Prof.
Perry, C. M.
Palmer, John (fakir)
Parcelle, Mr. (p. o. m London, Eng.)
Porter, Jas.
Parker, Louis
Primrose, G. H. (3)
Pell, J. (of Pell & Lewis)
Perham, Chas. (2)
Peck, Wm. E.
Pearl, C. S.
Perkins, Jas. (variety "biz")
Peasley, John
Pitou, Augustus
Rice, Dan
Rapier, John
Ruffino, Jos. (of Aimee & Co.) (2)
Roberts, Nick
Ross & Mack
Rockwell, T. G.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Rayner, John. (Irish "biz")
Robinson, Jos. C. (musician)
Robinson, Jas. (equestrian) 2ic.
Rahn, Denis
Rankin, McKee
Stone & Bronson
Sothern, E.
Sheehan, Sami.
Sheridan, J. F. (late Sheridan & Mack)
Steele, Geo. K.
Stanley, Burton
Stanley, W. H. (p. o. m London, Eng.)
Sheridan Bros.
Shannon, H. (child orator)
Sexton, Mich. (musician)
Stone, Mr. (of Stone & Murray)
Spriggs, Harry (2)
Stringer, Alfred & Theresa
Seatto, Geo. (of Seatto, Op. Co.)
Stiles, Will A.
Stone, D. W.
Standish, Walter
Sutherland, R.
Sherrick, Mark
Sutton, Charlie
Simmons & Howells
Sprague, Dan
Scanlan, W. J.
Slaughter, Thos. H.
Sadler, F. (of Robinson's Mins.)
Sexton, W.
Stout, J. (of Primrose & Wests Co.)
Seaman & Morton
Singer, Wm.
Sylvester, Arthur
Say or Lay, Louis
Thompson, D. (of Thomp. Dram. Co.)
Thompson, Alex.
Thompson, J. (of Waite's Co.)
Thompson, Jas. Whitcombe's Co.)
Townsend, D. K.
Tillotson, Fred,
Thomas, — (of Healey's Hib.)
Turner, Dick
Tierney & Cronin
Tandrill, Frank
Toomey, W. F.
Treville, Walter
Vincent, Felix A.
Voos, A. E.
Willis, Lou (equestrian)
Wesley, John
Wing, C. A.
Wood, A. E.
Archie
Wiley, Lem H. (2)
Whiteneck, W. H.
Wilson, M. (of Wilson sis'ers)
Wiggins, Prof. J. (wizzard)
West, Albert
Weaver, Jr., Add
Washburn, L. W. (2)
Walton, — W.
(music Punch)
Wood & West
Warner, J. E. (circus "biz")
Woods, Geo. W.
Woodson, Harry
Wilson, Jas. B. (banjoist) (2)
Washburne, E. S.
Wade, Thos. (of Boyd & Wade)
Woodville, Jas. (comedian)
Winnett, Thos.
Whitney, Johnny
Worth, Prof. E. M.
Wilson, Geo. (of B. W. & P. & W. Minst.)
Watson, Hugh (of Robinson's Circus)
Wilson, Geo. E. 6c.
Weeks, Dr. T. W.
Webster, Billy (of Robinson's Minst.)
Young, Chas. W.
Yates, Ben
Yearance, W.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, March 4, '78.

Mild and blind, like a well-mannered and well-subjugated lamb, March and the Silver Bill came in together; the one clothed in bright sunshine and genial warmth, suggesting remembrance of that touching invitation to one of England's great pugilistic champions:

"Come, gentle *Spring*, ethereal mildness, come;"

the other, wrapped up in a two-thirds majority, causing Sunset Cox to rise again, and, in the august presence of United States Representatives, give brief vitality to his little fraudulent joke, which, however, owing to the obtuseness of the members, was not permitted to go upon the record of legitimate Congressional debates. We had proposed at this early season to say some very smart things appropriate to the incoming administration of this diversified month; about the grand march to which patriotic office-holders and office-seekers March 4th in all the pride and panoply and perplexity of reconstructed citizens; we had intended to point a beautiful moral, and adorn an equally tender tale, by a rhetorical dissection of the month of March; but its unreliable character—"breathing the word of promise to the ear" one day, "and breaking it to the hope" the next—calls for a stay of proceedings at our hands, and a postponement of the subject. Activity prevails in the camps of the circus, and the tents of the roadsters are being made as good as new by the patient watchers for the signal to move upon the enemy's works. [We are forced to this warlike language by the hostile attitude assumed by the British performing Lion and the Russian wrestling Bear. The American Eagle cannot tamely stand by and see these things without rumpling a feather. Hence our dignified tone.—ED.] And here we desire to say that to the classical critic's sawdust ring there is much of an instructive and interesting nature to be gleaned from that recent auction sale of circus property held in Louisville, Ky. Doubtless you read the account printed in THE CLIPPER last week, but we fear you didn't grasp the great moral lesson therein contained. Think of selling an African emu for one hundred dollars! We don't know exactly what an emu is, but it never should have been sacrificed for any such paltry sum as that. An animal so difficult to secure (what is that, James? "An emu ain't an animal, it's a bird." Do you suppose we are ignorant of that fact?), a *bird* so difficult to secure as the emu should awaken emulation. Yes, and then there was the sacred cow. And that pious animal brought only twenty-one dollars! Why, we have seen cows that never even claimed to be sacred—that were openly profane and would not go near a church, and yet they sold for four times as much as that professional bovine. But the grossest outrage of all was in the matter of the elk. Our blood boils with indignation at the cruel brevity with which this occurrence is recorded: "One elk—$30." That is all. No hint as to his name, no clue as to his line of business. Simply the bald, the terrible fact that an Elk sold for twenty dollars. Let the Brotherhood of Elks proceed at once to investigate this matter. Who was it that was sold? Who among the Order is missing? These questions must be answered, not only for the protection of the profession, but for the good of society. If the time has come when a monkey sells for a hundred dollars, while an Elk is knocked down for twenty—if such a time, we repeat, has come, then let us beat the auctioneer's hammer into a share of New York Central, and turn the auctioneer himself into a Christian Association society. [We cannot write upon this subject any further, for our hand trembles with rage; but we trust that the lesson alluded to above will now be comprehended. Twenty dollars for an Elk!!!..... When we were informed that the city of Boston, which professes to encourage art in all its branches, had refused a license to Count the George Joannes to give one of his unique entertainments in that city, like quills upon the fretful porcupine stood the hairs upon our head! The Modern Athens, forsooth! Out upon such chicanerysuness and flippant hyperbolicism! *Way* did Boston veto the Count's proposition, and cast him aside like a moral leper? We'll tell you—beans did it! Aye, Boston baked-beans! When news was disseminated in the Eternal City that the tried and trusty City of Elms had given such a beanificent reception to the grand old actor, that New Haven had poured forth its meed of praise upon the tragic star in the guise of beans—and not a man of all that grand conclave of learning stopping to count a bean—Boston became alarmed for fear the welcome to the Count in that city might assume a similiar form, and undermine the foundation of the very vi(c)tu(als of the Commonwealth. [Please read this *victuals* of the Commonwealth.—ED.] Beans is Boston's strong hold! Take away her beans and you destroy the fundamental principles of the government. That is why she cast an evil eye upon the ambitious Thane, and didn't whistle him down the wind like chaff..... Notwithstanding the immense sums of money we devote to the education of our own and other people's children, we don't seem to make much headway, else why do we see such outrageous spelling and construction as the following, which appeared in our daily paper on Wednesday?

Card to ye People.—Ye Unkle Samuel's "Olde Folkes" at ye Cooper Institute to-morrow (Thursday) evening, in Grande "Ten-penny" Concerte. Matilda Jane Tubbs will sing "her song."

If "Ye Unkle Samuel's Olde Folkes" can't do any better than that, they had better be sent to war, and be put in the front rank, like Uriah of old, so that they may be killed off in the first act, and we don't care who knows it. [There may be one or two of our generally well-informed readers who may be ignorant of Uriah and his little story. To such we would kindly remark that Uriah the Hittite was a young man who lived in bible times, we think. He married Bathsheba, Eliam's daughter; she was as pretty as a picture, and was admired of many men on account of her transcendent beauty, as it appears; King David, who seems to have been of that class who sit in the front seats when the ballet-girls are on, did yearn for ye charming Bathsheba—yea, verily, he would e'en possess her lovely person, to ye detriment of society and Uriah, as we have told you. Now, David could not with any show of decency make his advances in the presence of Bathsheba's husband, so he "drafted him into the army," and gave directions to the gentleman in command of him in the front rank; and Uriah was so placed, and in that unenviable position he was shot to death; and David was master of the situation. Now, suppose any of us should do such a thing as that. Why, we'd never hear the last of it. It is even fair to suppose that the Legislature would appoint a committee to inquire into the iniquitous proceeding, and punish the alleged offender, if he did not move in high places. There were some high old scallawags in bible times, we are sorry to say.—ED.]..... We have received a large number of obituary verses on the death of the late lamented Mr. Chimpanzee, whose sudden exit from life's stage is deeply to be deplored. Gladly would we print all of them under omissions did space and our conscience permit; but in the matter of memorial lines the line must be drawn somewhere. For instance, one piece, beginning:

"I see him still in fancy,
My loved, my lost Chimpanzee."

would not, we are assured, prove acceptable to our readers, because the rhyme is a little strained, and, besides, the writer never saw Nip in life, and we do not believe he ever saw him in fancy. Another effort reads thus:

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Put away the fresh-baked peanuts,
Which he used to crack with care—
Death has nipped our Nip beloved,
He has climbed the golden stair.

This is not bad, but the suggestion contained in the last line is a little doubtful. "Others of his tribe" might be taken, by the friends of departed children, for example, as referring to their lost ones; and that might give offense. We can find room for only one other specimen. Here it is:

IN MEMORIAM.

From Africa's burning strand he came,
So full of wit and gumption:
The mighty air was in his name,
It gave Nip quick consumption.
Three weeks he coughed unceasingly,
And allied more than he oughter—
In life his day was very short,
When dead, his tale is shorter!

..... Manager Abbey of the Park Theatre is right in informing lawless adapters that the comical play of "Champagne and Oysters" is his, and that to continue his

matized version of
delight for the first
ooklyn, Feb. 25. The
ne of the story that
be's mere repetition
arrative. Mr. Harri-
of dramatizing "The
appreciation of Haw-
re of stage require-
a veteran actor. He
e play which reads
eality it must while
e's. But he has done
out strong dramatic
t of passive descrip-
ions suitable for the
ed into four acts. It
especially in the
th. Mr. Harrison's
from the story is
aces Arthur Dimmes-
the public square.
ation, this is an im-
a whole was good.
arefully he had fitted
Chillingworth by the
rmance. Miss Viola
ut as Hester Prynne,
difficult role with
he has not mistaken
ven by the stock com-
ery appropriate and
" was added to the
ding her first appear-
ance through-
Wagner's Minstrels
of record the cast of
nded:
er Brackett...J. Graver
ip Goodall. W. Denny
d. 7 years old.
Little F. May
ress Hibbins.
Mme. E. Lemierre
ress Gossin,
Miss D. Edmondson
y Merry. Miss A. Nel-on
ress Smell. Miss F. Stover

ICES, dated March 1,
lent as appended:
dson appeared at the
the current week to
repertory embraced
Hester Grazebrook,'
in a pleasing manner,
ry. Mr. Mellview
le impression made
support furnished by
an, Frank Bosworth,
llelan, Viola Aiken,
s satisfactory. The
morrow. The Dunn-
mpany 11, and E. A.
John Mackey is in

ENT of the past week
oduction at the Wal-
ursday, 28. The
rst representation Lu-
ebb. 25, and met with
was mainly achieved
cts which are pro-
d as M. Scholm—the
ginning in a manner
scenic and mechan-
considerable pains
owed on them. As
s used during its re-
Theatre, and has
lous license, it must
great credit on the
"The Exiles" was
k, drawing crowded
ontinue a source of

NATION appeared in
he Philadelphia Mu-
closing there Feb. 28.
had a benefit at the
d date, "Our Wife"
the specialties of
is and Bryer, com-
e rest of the week
of "Aurora Floyd"
'm. Davidge Jr. as
r, and Miss Jennie
the lachrymose
sentations of their
ron, the boy trage-
arance in Philadel-
Fool's Revenge."
inkle March 1 in
een connected for
acity with the Wal-
bia, resigned his
2. Charles M. South-
ithers has offici-
his theatre the
ning of his services
f the house will be

ge-manager of the
Philadelphia, has fol-
with the manage-
suit for damages,
e Court of Common
salary—$6 000—and
es for the breaking
between him and

given at the Arch-
on Feb. 25, for the
a very large audi-
e material for in-
ce of James Lewis'
g, and he was well
who gave a clever
ld sexton. "Cham-
large audience
atre Company re-
g March 2. John
gement here March
Unknown."
pany appeared in
at the Broad-street
evenings of March
ake her debut at-
8. Clarke intends
rt of the site now
eatre.
the Walnut-street
ntly presented by

es for an engage-

ts, Cincinnati, O.,
go on the road in
ents to specialty

fax, N. S., will be
mer season March
May Howard. A
d. See card.
Smith's fine fair-
pera-house, Cleve-
ntric acting met
ported. March 4,
ra" will be given,
Arthur, by local
1, for one week.
Slavin's "Uncle
r houses. Emer-
Four, appeared
Midgley at Case
gley joined the
in another week.

EATRE, Philadel-
ed its last repre-
ch 2, after a run
otto" will be pre-
wed by "School."
delphia, will be
anagement of J.
hild then making
ther play entit-
during the re-
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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

OUR USUAL LETTER from Boston, Mass., dated March 3, is as appended:

One would suppose, from the overflowing audiences which have attended the representation of "Evangeline" at the Globe Theatre during the past week, that the extravaganza was a novelty, instead of having passed one hundred and fifty-one performances in Boston alone. It is still attractive and fresh, and, though the cast is somewhat modified, the change is thoroughly acceptable, and the new exponents of some of the roles are likely to become as firm favorites as their predecessors. The older representatives, Harry Josephs, Harry Hunter, E. S. Tarr, H. E. Dixey, and Charles Rosine, were received with great cordiality, and renewed their former successes. Sol Smith Russell had an ungracious task before him, being placed in direct comparison with audiences familiar with the excellent efforts of Harry Beckett and William H. Crane. It is no disparagement to him to state that he fell far short of these gentlemen; but his Le Blanc was a different sort of personage. Although not an accomplished vocalist or a nimble dancer, he still invested the Notary with individuality. Venie G. Clancey as Evangeline and Lizzie Webster as Gabriel were good, as usual. George S. Knight transmued the character of the Dutch Captain Dietrich, making up like General Butler. His songs were encored, and, in answer to the demands of the house, he gave a recitation, a parody on Whittier's poem "Barbara Freitchie," which (barring the taste exhibited in the selection) was received with even more approbation than his songs. Hattie Richardson as Lauvette was handicapped in her selection of a song, and was rewarded with a demand for its repetition. E. S. Tarr doubled the part of Basil with his old character of the Miner, and introduced a ludicrous old sea negro gag. The belter was personated by Messrs. Dixie and Ulmer, and the dance was received with all the old-time favor. The chorus was large, and composed of good voices, while the scenic effects were fully equal to its original production at this theatre. Numerous bits of new business and grouping were noticeable, among the accomplishments of the Gabriel lead disclosed at the rise of the curtain, "What are the Wild Waves Saying? Scoot, Brother, Scoot." The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Lehmeyer, and Mr. Graham, as on the first production. On the evening of March 2 Venie G. Clancey received a benefit, she playing Gabriel, Lizzie Webster Evangeline, Richard Golden Le Blanc (or time in Boston), Sol Smith Russell giving his character sketches, and E. E. Rice leading the orchestra. It was the intention of the management to withdraw "Evangeline" after the performance of Saturday, but, as the demand for its continuance having been so urgent, it will be played a second week. Two extra matinee performances will be given Tuesday and Wednesday, on which occasion "Conrad the Corsair" will be presented, the first being a complimentary benefit to Harry Josephs. Evening of 8, for the benefit of Lizzie Webster. Lizzie Gould was announced to appear as Evangeline, by courtesy of Manager Field of the Boston Museum. 9, complimentary testimonial benefit to E. E. Rice, the bill consisting at two acts of "Evangeline" and the second act of "Corsair of the Corsair." 11, Park Theatre (Comique) New York in "Champagne and Oysters."..... Madame Modjeska continued her representation of Adrienne at the Boston Museum during the past week to crowded audiences. The performance in its entirety has been made smoother by repetition, and, though opinions may differ as to the position the lady occupies as a star, one thing still satisfies her audiences, which are enthusiastic. The announcement of her appearance as Camille 4 has made a sensation in the theatre, the auction sale of seats being attended by large gatherings of gentlemen, and the premiums paid ranging from twenty-five to eighty cents each. "Camille" will be played the entire week, including two extra matinee performances 7, 8. Lawrence Barrett commences a two weeks' engagement 11, opening as Richelieu. The Museum version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is in course of rehearsal, the likeness to Barnum's extravaganza of "The Enchanted Beauty," for which special engagements have been made. The deferred production of Dr. J. A. Jackson and Fred Williams' comedy "Ole Ben," and Mr. B. E. Woolf's adaptation of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," will receive representations as soon as existing arrangements will permit.....John McCullough is playing to a family row of empty chairs at the Boston Theatre the past week. Feb. 25, 27 and matinee March 2 "Virginius" was played, 26 "Othello," 28 "The Gladiator," March 1 "King Lear," and 2 "Richelieu Cade." The support has been satisfactory. Louis James gave an excellent impersonation of Iago. His Othello was a conception of the character, though a large one, to be being robust, manly, and full of fire. His Edmund was also a fine rendition. E. J. Buckley was successful as Iellus, Cassio and Edgar, allowing care and thought in the portrayal. Mr. Price as not Mr. Aldrich as good as in several roles assigned them. Mrs. Barry has sustained the principal female characters with her wonted ability, and Mrs. Hoover was creditable in the scene with Lear's genius. Mr. McCullough was presented with several beautiful floral tributes upon being called before the curtain Feb. 26. On Monday morning, March 4, the case of Judge J. Clinton Hall, commences a three weeks' engagement March 4, appearing as Hamlet..... Madame Modjeska's husband, Count Bozenta, is expected here to meet his wife from California the present week..... Barney Macauley, the Cincinnati manager, was in town the 3d inst., and secured E. Locke's new comedy "Messenger from Mars' Station." The season at the Globe Theatre will be prolonged into the Summer, burlesque and opera-bouffe combinations giving performances..... Applications having been made for the dramatization of the proposed performances of Count Joannes and the Lyceum company of New York at Beethoven Hall, he and Avonia Pairbanks have decided that there shall be no such thing. To appear at the Chelsea Academy of Music 4, 5, and in Lowe's new Opera-house, Providence, R. I., 6, 7..... Miss Lillian Ashley, Julia Cooper's soubrette, will temporarily appear at the Globe Theatre....The Boston Museum Company have done an excellent business in the New England circuit; their engagements at Lowell, Lynn and Salem having just closed, and they arrived in Boston 11, and are settled at the Hotel Bruns wick....."Amasea, or the Last of the Pharaohs," written by John Sanvard, which has been mentioned as being in preparation at one of the New York theatres, was produced at the Boston Theatre, under H. C. Jarrett's management, Monday, Sept. 19, 1864, and played till Friday, Sept. 23. J. W. Wallack, Dr. Davenport, J. M. Davenport, and Rachel Noah being in the cast. It was embellished with scenery of a biblical nature, painted from drawings made by Banvard. As a failure at that time it was a success. Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Goodwin Jr. and company appear in Watertown, N. Y. 4, Oswego 5, Auburn 6, Syracuse 7, Rochester 8, 9, Buffalo 11, 12. Orlando Tompkins of the Boston Theatre has been confined to his residence from a rupture of a blood-vessel in the leg..... E. E. Rice and Nathaniel Childs Jr. are finishing the music and libretto of a new burlesque called "Hiawatha, or Minnehaha's Mistake." Mortimer as Adrienne. Matinees were given each day after the initial performance, and, taking in account the broken week, the business may be said to have been crowded.

A continuance of this play is announced for March 4.....At Ford's Grand Opera-house Maggie Mitchell, aided by William Harris and Miss Pearl Eytinge, appeared Feb. 26, and matinee March 2, "Mignon" 27, 28, "Jane Eyre" March 1, and "Little Barefoot" 2. Business good. Maggie Mitchell closed 2, to open in Philadelphia 11.....The celebrated Case" is underlined for 4, the cast to embrace Louis James, Theodore Hamilton, Eleanor Carey, Little Gertrude, Laura Joyce, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Germon.

MINNIE CUMMINGS, leading lady, publishes her address in another column.

Miss PHOSA MCALLISTER's dramatization entitled "The Shadow of a Sin" received its first production on any stage at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Feb. 28, the authoress herself being in the cast. Our correspondent, writing on March 3, gives the plot as follows:

The opening scene is at the residence of Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan, grandparents of the heroine, Hyacinthe, with whom she resides, leading a lonely life. The acquaintance of Claude Lennox, a resident in the neighborhood, brings a touch of brightness to this loneliness, and she plans and consents to an elopement with him. An accident intervenes to frustrate this, they are married in the vicinity of the scene for some hours, and during the delay they take a walk in the fields, where they discover a woman in distress, the new-born child of which is the human treatment of the husband. The two runaways assist this woman, and Claude's handkerchief is used as a bandage in dressing the child's injuries. After reaching the city Claude is being arrested on a charge of murder. The woman, on recovering her senses, relates her life's history, saying that she eloped, when young, with a man, but he ill-used her. This was Hyacinthe's genius. Mr. McCullough was presented with several beautiful floral tributes upon being called before the curtain Feb. 26. On Monday morning, March 4, the case of Judge J. Clinton Hall, commences a three weeks' engagement March 4, appearing as Hamlet..... Madame Modjeska's husband, Count Bozenta, is expected here to meet his wife from California the present week..... Barney Macauley, the Cincinnati manager, was in town the 3d inst., and secured E. Locke's new comedy "Messenger from Mars' Station." The season at the Globe Theatre will be prolonged into the Summer, burlesque and opera-bouffe combinations giving performances..... Applications having been made for the dramatization of the proposed performances of Count Joannes and the Lyceum company of New York at Beethoven Hall, he and Avonia Fairbanks have decided that there shall be no such thing. To appear at the Chelsea Academy of Music 4, 5, and in Lowe's new Opera-house, Providence, R. I., 6, 7..... Miss Lillian Ashley, Julia Cooper's soubrette, will temporarily appear at the Globe Theatre....The Boston Museum Company have done an excellent business in the New England circuit; their engagements at Lowell, Lynn and Salem having just closed, and they arrived in Boston 11, and are settled at the Hotel Brunsw

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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Calendars.

Illustrations.

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THE CIRCUS BOY.
OCTOBER.
THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.
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DOBSON.

BOSTON, March 1, 1878.

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GEORGE C. BOBSON.
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Population of Lockport is 16,000—located 288 miles west from Albany by railroad; 56 miles west from Rochester; 25 east from Buffalo; 21¼ miles east from Niagara Falls. Trains arrive from Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Buffalo and Rochester at all hours of the day and night. The proprietor of the Opera-house intends making everything as pleasant and profitable for showmen as possible.

JOHN HODGE, Lockport, N. Y.—I found your Opera-house capitally appointed; the dressing-rooms warm, clean and comfortable, and the general accommodations of a first-class order.
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec 10, 1877.

I am gratified to say that the Hodge Opera-house is complete in all its appointments. EDWIN BOOTH.
Dec. 5, 1877.

JOHN HODGE, Lockport, N. Y.—My Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I testify to the thorough adaptedness of your beautiful house for dramatic entertainments. The stage appointments and scenery are good, and plays can be well produced in it under your able management.
Yours truly, EDWIN ADAMS.
March 16, 1876.

It affords me great pleasure to state that I found Hodge's Opera-house, during my late engagement, a theatre complete in every particular.
ROBERT McWADE.
March 25, 1876.

Dear Sir: I have much pleasure in stating that the Hodge Opera-house is one of the prettiest and best conducted theatres I have ever played in.
Yours truly, E. A. SOTHERN.
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1877

In my ten years' experience as general business-manager of different dramatic combinations I have visited nearly every place of any importance in the United States, and in no instance have I found a more elegant and complete place of amusement than the Hodge Opera-house. Its stage is large and modern in all respects. Full sets of scenery, traps, bridges, etc., and everything necessary for a metropolitan theatre. It is the cleanest opera-house in the United States to-day. JOSH E. OGDEN,
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M. W. HANLEY,
Manager Harrigan & Hart Combination.
New York, Nov. 8, 1875.

November 10, 1875.
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Manager Redpath Opera Company.
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 13, '77.

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